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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLII No. 1980 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JANUARY 1 1938

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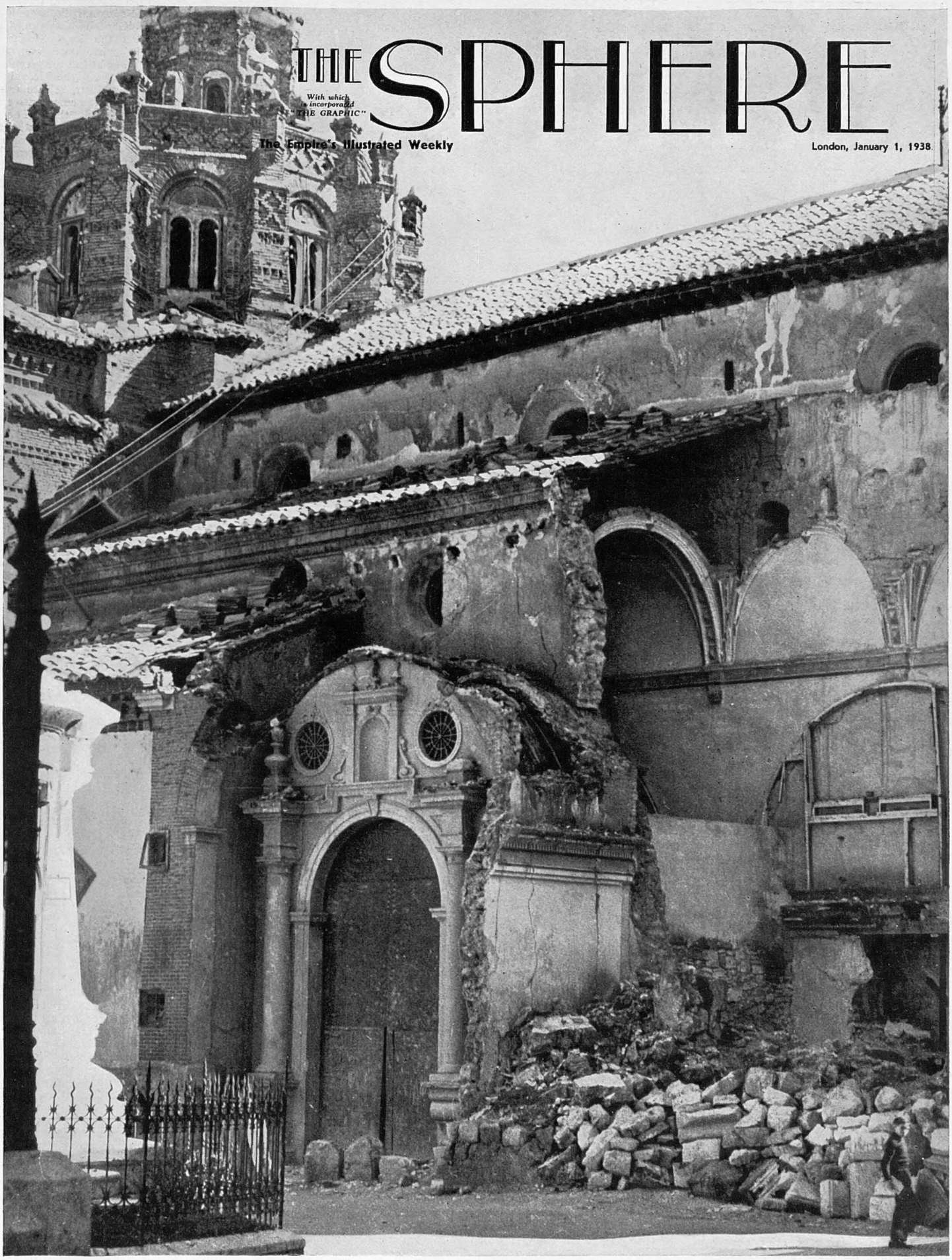

BATTERED TERUEL

The Shell-torn Sixteenth-Century Cathedral of the Aragonese Town Against which the Reds Delivered a Powerful and Successful Attack in Christmas Week

The Spanish Civil War, after a period of quiescence created in part by extreme weather conditions and in part by the need of both sides for a breathing spell, flared up again last week with renewed violence, and on the Aragon front the old hill-top capital of Teruel, until then a Franco stronghold, was the scene of a fierce attack by Government troops who, advancing with great determination, occupied the lower portion of the town but, according to a report in *The Times*, had not succeeded by Tuesday night in dislodging their opponents ensconced in the Civil Governor's headquarters. At the same time columns directed by General Aranda, defender of Oviedo, and General Moscardo, hero of Toledo's Alcazar, started to make their way towards Teruel from the north and west with the object of effecting a relief. The attack on the town, which is also dealt with on page 8 of this issue, is the Government's first important offensive for some time, and the manner of its execution betokens the efficiency of the "New Army" which has been steadily built up during the autumn and winter and of which great things are expected in the coming months. Teruel Cathedral, with its fine tower, has suffered severely in successive bombardments, shells having laid open, as depicted here, part of the interior to the street. Much of the town is believed to be in ruins

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A WELCOME TO 1938: Trumpeters, with the Royal monogram emblazoned on their tunics, blowing a fanfare. The New Year, as ever, dawns hopefully, and "The Sphere" takes this opportunity of wishing its readers the fullness of prosperity

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

The Old Year in Review

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, December 29, 1937.

CORONATION—DESPERATION — A MIXED TWELVE MONTHS.—The historian of Britain, coming with cool head to assess the historical importance of 1937, would obtain a very imperfect and one-sided notion of it if he were restricted for his material to the current British Press. For the Empire the year 1937 was divided into two parts. From January until the end of July the Coronation and the Coronation season occupied all our thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. Yet from the very start 1937 was obviously to be a year of terrible anxiety, perhaps the most anxious year since 1914. The importance of a Coronation to the Empire—and this was a particularly important one—is very great. Even in the eyes of foreign nations the sanctifying of the symbol which unites the British comity of Nations was, in the state of civilisation now obtaining, rightly regarded as of peculiar interest to the world. Looking back on those first seven months of 1937, we might in retrospect ask ourselves whether we devoted too much time and thought to the perfecting of that matchless ceremony which, as solemn rite and as spectacle alike, was utterly satisfying and entirely flawless in conception and performance. The fact is that, early in January (after a brief period of mourning for the loss of life and property in the great Ohio floods) the whole of Britain by common consent turned its face from the deepening shadows of dangers ahead, and faced and was dazzled by the rising sun of Coronation pageantry, and so continued until the end of July when the close of the Coronation season released the worn-out Royalties from their superhuman labours. Looking back on it all, in cooler but not yet cool reflection, we may marvel that Ministers of State and high officials could spare so much of their valuable time (knowing, as well they knew, what was coming) to rehearsals of ceremonial, to banqueting, and to junketing. When August came the change from Coronation to Desperation was so sharp as to be terrifying. Into the last five months of the year we crowded the anxieties and the desperate remedies of two normal years; into the first seven months the brilliance and gaiety of a decade of the Age of Privilege. 1937 was a year of the sharpest antitheses within memory. Of splendour and terror, of brilliance and horror, of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, of light and darkness. It is a thought which should evoke British gratitude, that in the agonies of so large a part of the world, foreign nations should have spared so large a sympathy for our domestic and Imperial rejoicings.

SEVEN MONTHS OF PAGEANTRY.—I glance back at the files of the year's press-cuttings, and observe, with a wonder much enhanced by the anxieties of these last months, the events deemed of major importance by the entire Press of this country in the golden months. The House of Windsor was the No. 1 topic, the first item of news, the infinite variety of which custom could not stale. There was the Regency Bill, which raised a note of interrogation by its frank determination to meet all possible contingencies; the arrangements connected with the new appointments to the Royal Household; the marriage of the busy Earl Marshal which received the notice due to a Coronation item; then the Civil List, with the customary mild and polite criticism from the Left, filled the columns for several days. The foreshadowed retirement of Mr. Baldwin served to remind us, not so much of his long services as a statesman, but of his latest claim to our regard by his tactful handling of the late abdication. Weeks were spent in discussions and curiosity concerning the Duke of Windsor's title (how many million words were poured out on that theme, I wonder?). And now London was Coronation bound, and all news was Coronation news before the end of March. In small paragraphs Mr. Baldwin bade farewell to Bewdley; Mr. Chamberlain delivered his sixth consecutive Budget—and hurried away to a rehearsal. In small print a duchess was drowned in her aeroplane at sea; and Lord Snowden died. May came in, and the inquisitive student seeks in vain for international material among the filed columns of gilt print and coloured borders. Coronation numbers blotted out reality and kept the exorable march of world events at bay. The Ministers now got down to brass-tacks, while the Dominion Premiers and representatives were in London, and broad agreement on broad principles affecting the Empire was vaguely announced. But London and Britain were by no means surfeited. The rites were over, the revels but beginning. There were the long, long lists of Coronation Honours to be gulped down. There were the Royal drives, the Royal Naval Review, a Royal Derby (with a score of records for a most modest lady-beginner in the delightful hobby of racehorse-owning); the Trooping of the Colour, the Coronation Cabinet re-shuffle, the Windsor wedding, which perhaps deserves a full stop, a fresh breath, and a qualification. The student of history will surely see here an interesting point for commentary. The Duke of Windsor's wedding was very modestly reported. The reaction is worth notice. Briefly put, there came two sharp reactions. A very temporary reaction against the heartless vulgarity of over-publicity concerning the doings and intentions of the ex-King, and a remarkably swift reaction following the success of the Coronation, which was bred of admiration for the way in which the new King and Queen had handled their tremendous responsibilities—for the good-will and the efficiency, the tact and the dignity, and the selfless service of the new Sovereign, the Queen, and the Royal family. From that moment the Empire's homage was reserved for the new regime. The Season flew by, trailing its clouds of glory. The Windsor season with its Royal Ascot and its Garter Service, the Hyde Park Review, the Holyrood season, balls, festivities, and the final Garden Party; and then at last, when the leaves began to lie brittle in what once was Berkeley Square, when at last the very memories and speech of the Royal family were failing them, release came and they retired to the comparative privacy of Deeside and Crathie. The curtain rang down on the Pageant, the lights went down and the curtain rose on the tragedy of *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

THE MORNING AFTER.—The breakdown of non-intervention in Spain was the first and most urgent pre-occupation of Ministers on holiday. Pirates with startling suddenness, at least to the public, began to terrorise the public highway of the Mediterranean, and the gravest anxiety as to the integrity of that highway clearly agitated Britain and France. There was serious expectation that Italy had designs on strong points dominating those waters, and the partial success of the Nyon Agreement was due to a last minute show of firmness by France and Britain, and must be accounted an unexpected diplomatic coup. Palestine was again giving trouble; riots broke

out once more and very strong measures were put in force against the Arab institutions, measures which many British residents in Palestine regarded as partial and inequitable. But the situation was and remains serious and the responsibility of the Governor unbearably heavy. All these European anxieties had their repercussion in America. Wall Street, ever sensitive to panic and pessimism as to insane optimism, broke and continued to slump. High hopes, even the sanest, of revival of trade were discounted, hundreds of millions were shorn in a day's work from the values of sound investments and many people found themselves seriously embarrassed. No doubt Big Business suspicion of Mr. Roosevelt's policy contributed to a panic which has not conduced to the authority of Wall Street. But the panic had one good result. It compelled the Government, and converted public opinion, to the view (at last) that ultra-neutrality in the affairs of Europe was no longer possible and that the policy had largely destroyed her international authority. In October Mr. Roosevelt announced a change of policy, put Europe on the map of America, and promised closer co-operation by peaceful methods with the great European democracies. He denounced the treaty breakers in clear-cut language and the anti-Commintern pact

seemed suddenly to rearrange the international field into camps. It is noticeable how far less was said during the year concerning the League and in the circumstances that abstinence was desirable and right. The League is laid up in oil, awaiting a supply of petrol.

A BREATHING SPACE.—

The Berlin meeting of Duce and Führer "passed off" with enthusiasm and without immediately sinister repercussions; none indeed until December, when Italy left the League. The whole of October was so patently critical, what with Spain, the Mediterranean, and the Japanese aggression which involved so many big Powers in every camp, that an obvious reaction set in in November. The fat was so nearly in the fire, the magazine so narrowly escaped blowing-up that the pirates put their pipes away and replaced their unstruck matches. Germany had been periodically putting forward her colonial demands, and pursuing less publicly her aspirations in Central Europe. It almost seemed that the Dictators realised that a time for clarification and time-tabling their future programmes was overdue, and followed without loss of time, might lead to the desired goal. Every year that I can remember since 1926 has been anxious, even critical. It may be said of 1937 that it was "the nearest run thing you ever saw." The British Empire spent seven months of it in the happiest revelry, and all of it free from major hardship. It was a year of economic revival, if not of general prosperity. We have cause to be thankful, strong, and good ground for humble gratitude. Yet the anxiety is there and the future dark enough, while Europe and the Far East thunder and blaze, to keep us anxious. Indeed there was particular point in, and a quite serious approval of, a jesting criticism during a debate on the Population Statistics Bill to this effect: "There is not much point in encouraging mothers to have babies when all the Government can offer those babies in the way of security is a poison gas-mask."

THE PATCH OF BLUE SKY?

—None the less, the last weeks of the year showed an easing of acute tension. The Halifax visit to Berlin, followed by the Anglo-French talks in London—little as they were made public—cleared

FF TO SPEND CHRISTMAS AT SANDRINGHAM: Two-year-old Prince Edward of Kent (right) and Princess Alexandra of Kent pictured as they left Liverpool Street en route to Norfolk where they joined the Royal Family party. Princess Alexandra, who was one year old, celebrated her birthday on Christmas Day

that a gesture towards temporary pacification was necessary. Britain and France, immensely heartened by America's promise of more active cooperation, met the Dictators half way, and Lord Halifax's Berlin visit, while it disclosed no definite decisions, obviously was a stage towards that clarification and pacification, the best proof of the eleventh hour change of policy in the powder magazine being the sweetness with which that private visit was accepted not only by France but by Italy. The end of the year seemed to give promise of marking a notable advance to a constructive programme of conciliation, namely the acknowledgment of the major importance of the economic problem. Hope raised her head again when Britain and the U.S. were able simultaneously to announce the ground cleared for negotiating a mutual trade pact as a first step to smoothing away international trade barriers. At the same time Hitler appeared to signify that his colonial claims were neither precisely defined nor for immediate solution, and that the way of trade-barrier-removal, if sincerely the charged air in some measure. They revealed at least a solid and cordial agreement on all vital questions between Britain and France and a desire without delay to prepare for the formulation of some material suggestions for pooling the world's raw material sources. Germany also seemed to have grown more reasonable or more restrained, more willing to cooperate in a general settlement, which had come a very little nearer through America's expressed promise to play a more definite part in it. The year leaves Russia suffering a very obvious setback, although few reliable details penetrate to the outer world, but clearly her administrative and fighting machines are seriously weakened by "purges," and her national morale must be temporarily low. In Spain it is stalemate still, and none can confidently predict a victory for either side. Japan is in Nanking and beyond, but not apparently in sight of victory in her war of aggression. British and other interests in China are insurable risks which demand high premiums. If statistics tell more of the truth than the clarion call of Ministers, the trade boom of 1936–7 has reached its apex, though Ministers rightly set their face against loose talk of a coming slump, at least while the race in armaments shows no sign of slackening. In this connection, Mr. Belisha's "bombshell" reforms at the War Office show how prime an importance the Premier attaches to the need for further strengthening our defences. At long last a common expression of condemnation by the Powers of Japan's heavy list of outrages on neutrals brought Japan to a sense of proportion and more humble promise of amendment; and the chief puzzle of the dying year was the reason for Italy's decision to announce, when she did, her withdrawal from the League. 1937 ended very much "in the air"; the dark clouds over civilisation show little sign of lifting. The events of 1937 cannot be assessed. What may come in 1938 cannot be forecast.

OBITUARY.—

Among the inevitably large number of interesting people who died during the year, special reference was made in the Newsletter to a few who seemed to have left for different reasons a peculiarly strong impression on their generation and on England. Such impressions are not of course always a criterion of greatness, rather of character, or of more elusive qualities. Lord Snowden was one such, a typical Englishman for his grit and courage and common sense. The Duchess of Bedford another. Her great gifts and her life of service have not yet been appreciated at their true value, because public interest fastened exclusively on her pioneer work in flying, taken up towards the end of her life. But she was in her way as remarkable as Florence Nightingale. Mr. MacDonald was another. His death is too recent to demand any further reference. Lilian Baylis, another great Englishwoman with inflexible purpose and a great mission. Dick Sheppard also; not, I think, a typical Englishman, yet few men of his generation made a wider appeal to the spiritual side of the social life of his generation. And Mr. Bingham, because his intense love and respect for England were rare among Americans and achieved much towards a better understanding between the two nations. I have never made an attempt to catalogue or cover the year's "obituary" and I never will. In 1937, I fancy the combined deaths from accidents in every form of transport was grievously high.

BOOKS AND PLAYS.—

I read during the year very few books which seemed to me outstanding or likely to survive their year of life. The *Bible Designed To Be Read As Literature* was a notable production which one hopes will live as a bedside book. I failed completely to appreciate the year's best seller, Cronin's *Citadel*; and the *Diary of a Country Priest* worse confounded the confusion of my mind about literary standards and values. I enjoyed one or two "little books"—*Dear Youth* by Lady Wilson, *The Nutmeg Tree* by M. Sharp, and *Pepita* which could not fail to hold one but came, I thought, just a few years too close to the intimate present. Princess Lieven's *Letters* and Lord Ilchester's *Chronicles of Holland House* both interested me very much; and one novel, Miss Heyer's *Infamous Army*, enthralled me, not indeed as a novel but as an account of the Waterloo campaign.

THE YEAR'S WEATHER.—

Weather statistics always interest me mildly, more perhaps than my readers. The average rainfall for my part of Sussex is about 38 ins. In 1935 we had 40·45 ins. In 1936 37·38 ins. In 1937 (at the time of writing) just under 41 ins. of which 8 ins. fell in January alone and just under 18 ins. in the first quarter. There was a lot of flood and fog and a notable drought and abnormal cold before Christmas. But it is our tendency to "feature" most of the visitations of nature now-a-days as "records". If we assessed the weather during the last three years from headlines in filed newspapers, we should conclude that nature had gone mad. In fact we have had three quite normal years—the mixture as before, and since, the Conquest.

THE OLD STAGER

WEIGHTY WORDS: Twenty-four stone Lieutenant Aston, regimental quartermaster, who has just returned from Egypt with the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, pictured in conversation with a Beefeater at the Tower of London where the Battalion is now doing duty. He is said to be the biggest officer in the Army

HOW THEY SPEND

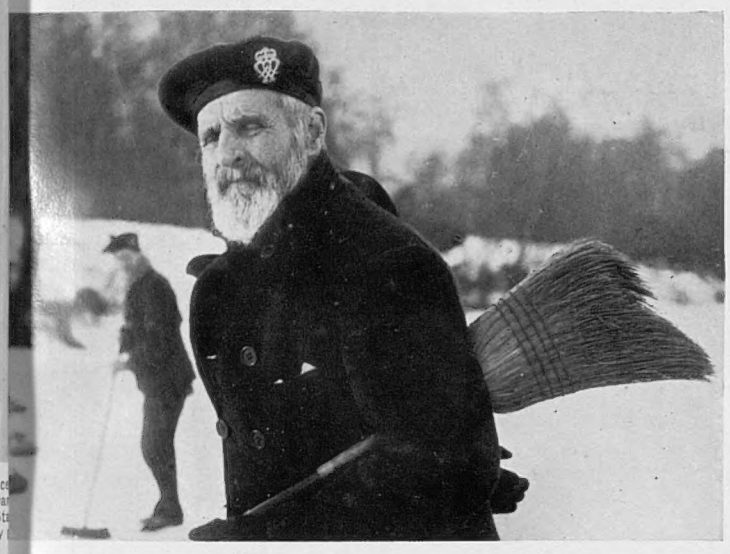
CHRISTMASSING IN SWITZERLAND: Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, the Woolworth heiress, is spending a holiday at St. Moritz with her husband and is pictured *above* taking her first ski-ing lesson on the nursery slopes. She wears dark glasses to protect her eyes from the glare of the snow. *Right*—The Count and Countess walking through the town with a friend. The Countess, it may be remembered, recently visited the United States and renounced her American nationality in favour of Denmark, one reason possibly being the high rate of taxation now obtaining in the United States. All the Swiss resorts are thronged, but the snow conditions have been extremely [illegible]

THE QUEEN WHO GREW OLD GRACEFULLY AND THE BOY WHO NEVER GREW UP: To play Queen Victoria on the screen and follow it up with Peter Pan on the stage requires versatility, and Anna Neagle has distinguished herself in both parts. This picture was taken in her dressing-room (lent by Nervo and Knox, the authors of the good luck message on the looking glass) at the Palladium as she was making up for her performance as Peter

PANTOMIME TIME AT THE LYCEUM: This special "Sphere" picture taken at the [illegible] performance shows a spectacular market place setting in *Beauty and the Beast*, one of the most popular of the Christmas shows for children. In London there is not so much entertainment of this character as usual, but what there is is first rate. At the Adelphi, Riscoe and Elsie Randolph are appearing in *Aladdin*, that old favourite *Where the Rainbow Ends* is in its twenty-seventh year at the Holborn Empire, Anna Neagle is in *Peter Pan*

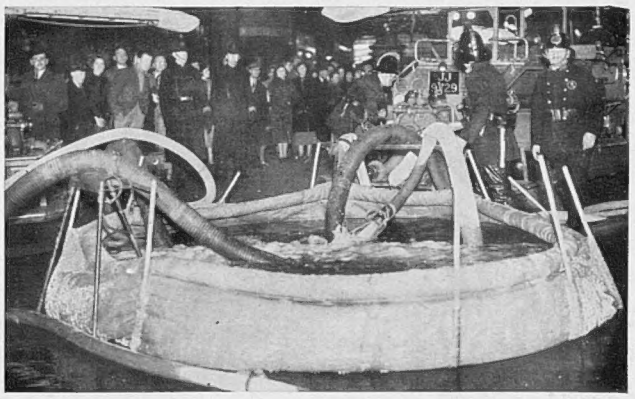
NCHRISTMAS: *A Pictorial Record of the Holiday*

CAROLS AND DIRNDLS: Austrian girls wearing their picturesque national costumes at a Christmas party given in London for members of the Austrian Girls' Club. *Below*—Seventy-three-year-old Mr. A. Laing, of Braemar, was the oldest competitor in a Christmastide curling bonspiel held on Deeside



the Palladium, Lewis Carroll's *Alice Through the Looking Glass* is at the Playhouse, Stanley Lupino appears in *Cinderella* at the Princes, while *Treasure Island*, which the advertisements suggest as suitable for boys from seven to seventy, holds sway at the Savoy. The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, for once has had to forgo its pantomime owing to the non-stop progress of Ivor Novello's *Crest of the Wave* which, by all accounts, may run well into the spring

LONDON'S BIG BOXING DAY FIRE: Firemen, some operating from the tops of long ladders, directing their hoses on to the Oxford Street building occupied by "His Master's Voice" Radio and Gramophone Company, where there was a serious outbreak last Monday, resulting in a member of the Corps of Commissionaires losing his life and in damage to property estimated at about £75,000. The road was thronged, 40 engines and 250 firemen arriving on the scene to deal with the situation. Some difficulty was experienced in securing adequate pressure of water owing to the camber of the road, and, as depicted *on right*, the expedient was tried for the first time of pumping through a large canvas tank

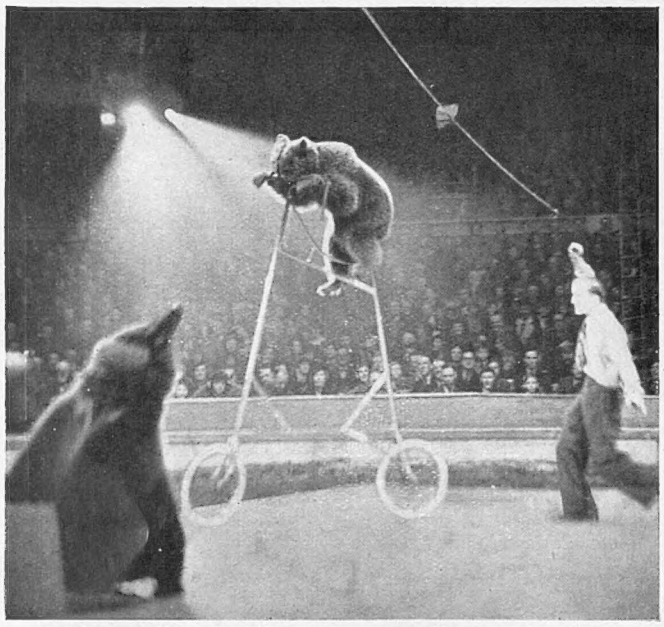


WHEN THE FOOT FOLLOWERS GET THEIR CHANCE: There was a large crowd of spectators at last Monday's meet of the Garth Hunt held at the George and Dragon at Swallowfield, Berkshire, and the weather being ideal they had a good view of things. It is quite a Boxing Day tradition with some hunts not to go far afield in the morning, thus giving those on foot a real opportunity to see the hounds at work. The Garth usually meets at Wokingham after Christmas, but this was not possible this year on account of foot and mouth disease

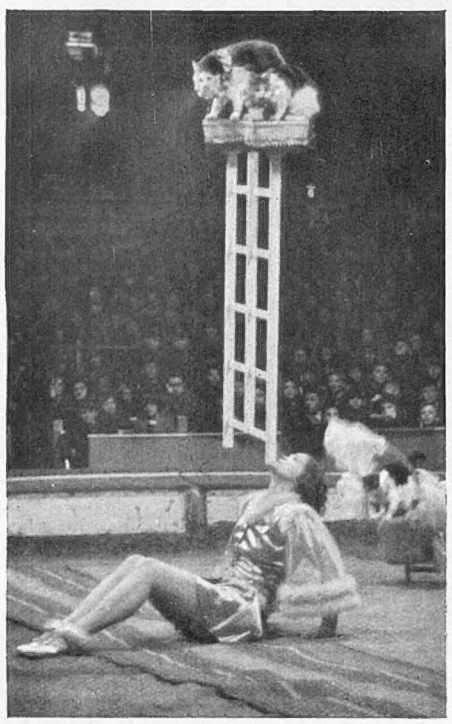
WONDERS OF THE OLYMPIA CIRCUS

Some Thrilling Performances that Flout the Laws of Nature: Koringa, the Female Fakir

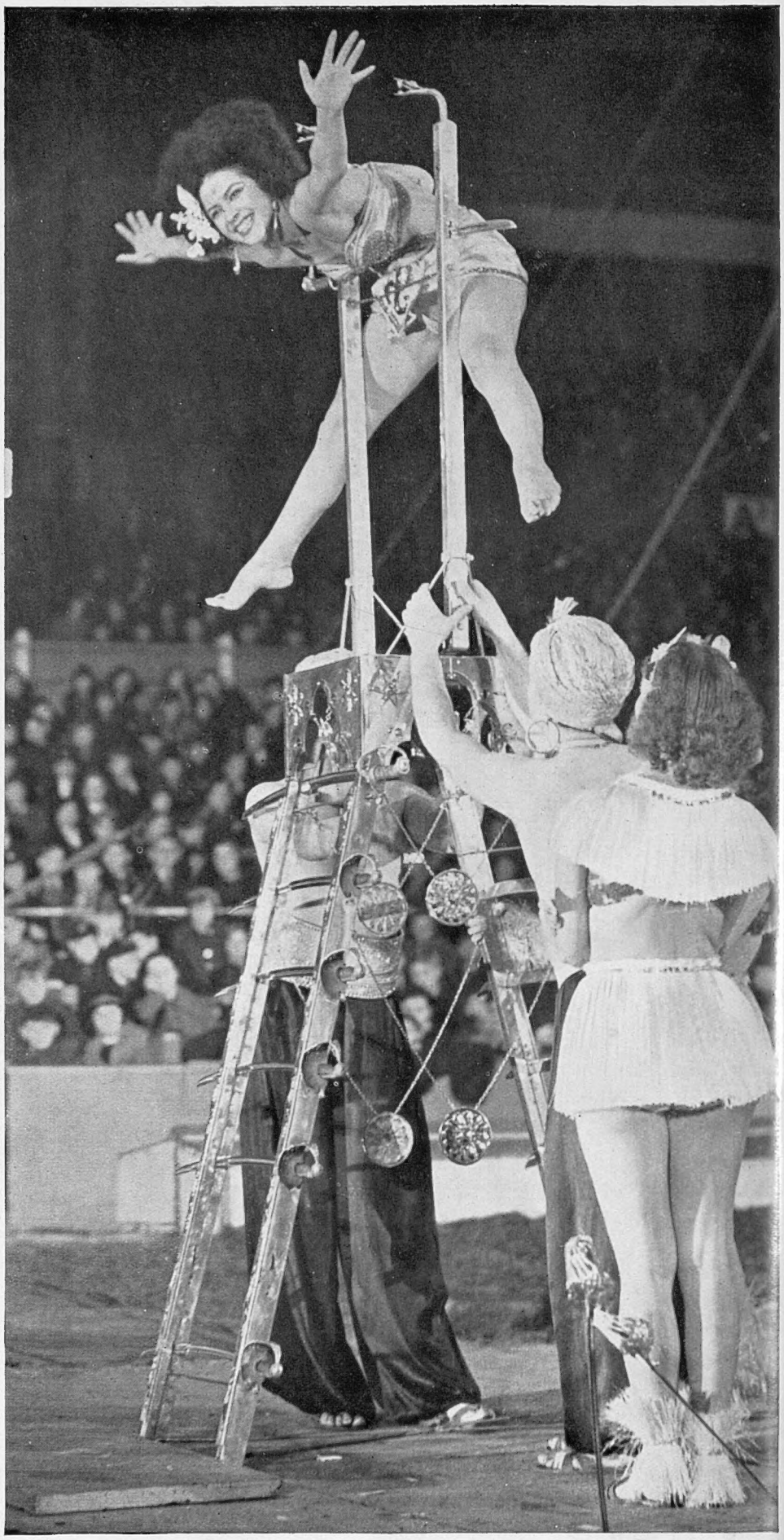
HYPNOTISING A CROCODILE: Koringa, the "female fakir," pictured during her act, which is without doubt one of the most spectacular and spell-binding ever presented at Bertram Mills's Christmas Circus now in its eighteenth consecutive season at Olympia



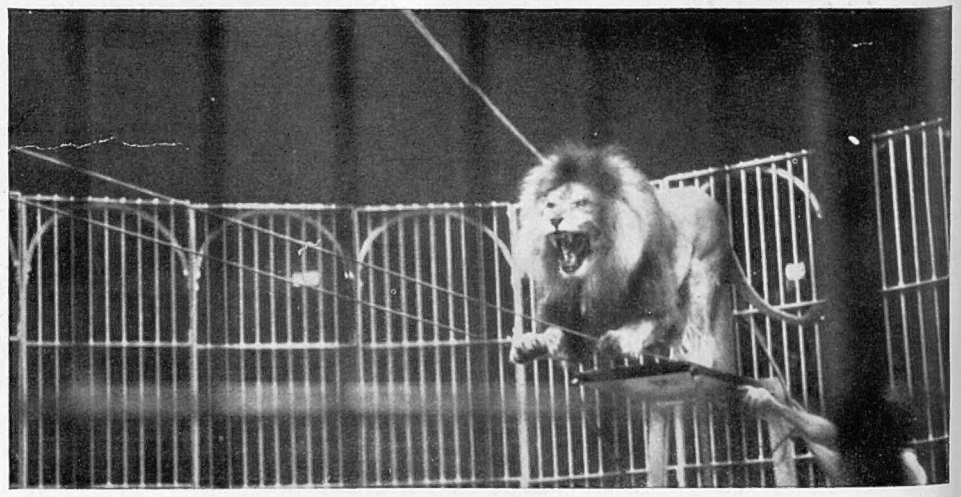
THE CYCLING BEAR is another major attraction at the Circus as it pedals round the ring perched precariously some 8 ft. in the air and with head down on the handle bars in approved style



On right—KING TUFFY growls ferociously as he proceeds to do his tight-rope act. *On left*—How Ellins and Ketts persuade these cats to give a gymnastic show is only one more of the many mysteries of the Circus, which this year has surpassed itself in novelty



IMPOSSIBILITY VANQUISHED: This is the climax of the wonderful performance given by Koringa, the "female fakir," and, so the programme claims, the only woman Yogi in the world. When this picture was taken she had just run up a ladder of sword edges, whose cutting power had been demonstrated, and was balancing herself in unbelievable fashion on the topmost rung



GUARD—ING AGAINST FAILURE! This cook at Knightsbridge Barracks took no risks with his Christmas pudding, giving one or two of the Royal Horse Guards, who had just come off duty, a chance to taste it in advance of the great day

The Army *Celebrates* Christmas

On left—DECORATING THE MESS at the barracks of the 17th Company of the Royal Army Service Corps in Haifa in readiness for the celebrations. Though prevailing conditions in the Holy Land have kept them busy, the men contrived, none the less, a cheerful Christmas. *On right*—Just a few of the youngsters who thoroughly enjoyed themselves at the Christmas Children's Party given by the Honourable Artillery Company at Armoury House, London

THE SPANISH REDS ATTACK TERUEL

The accompanying notes on Teruel, the latest town on the Aragon front to come into the news of the Spanish Civil War, is by Cecil Gerahty, author of The Road to Madrid, *who has been following the course of the conflict with Franco's forces and who was in Teruel only a short while ago. At the beginning of this week there were the usual conflicting reports, Nationalists persisting in a firm denial that the place had fallen, while Barcelona messages indicated it was largely in Red hands. Mr. Gerahty believes that on Monday the attackers had got no farther than the lower quarter of the town.*

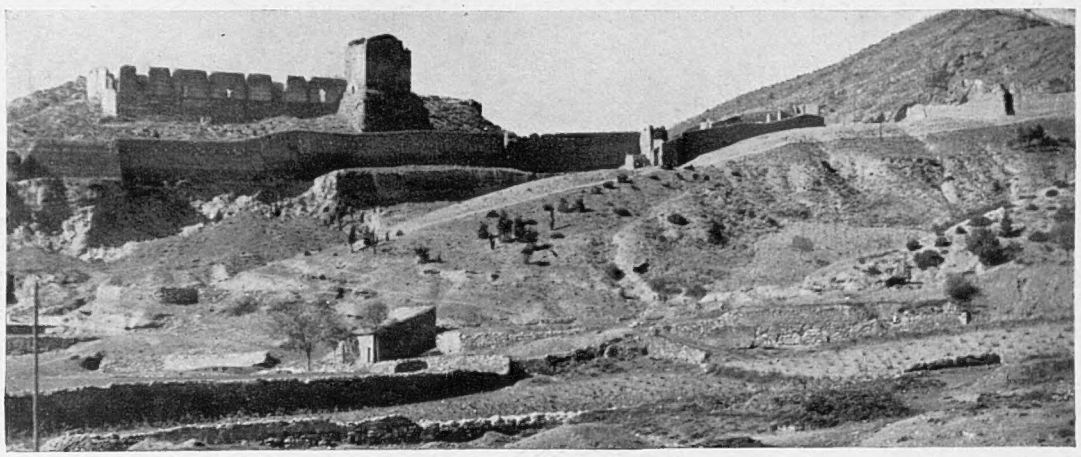
A FEW weeks ago, just before the cold weather, I was on my way to Teruel, the easternmost point of Nationalist territory in Spain. After passing through the great wine-growing valley of Rioja, and the cities of Haro and Logrono, the country opened out into an enormous plain as we entered Aragon. Some 50 miles of this and we reached Zaragoza in its well-irrigated oasis. The city seemed cheerful and normal in spite of its frequent bombings of which only very slight signs were visible when I strolled round the principal streets.

From here on there was a very marked change in the type of country through which we passed, not only did the landscape itself resemble the south of Morocco, but there were frequent ruined buildings and walls obviously of Moorish construction.

As we approached Teruel the mountains either side drew closer in, meeting on the farther side of the ancient walled city and thus terminating the valley by which we had approached. We climbed the steep hill which leads to the old town occupying its summit and parked our car in a little square which seemed to be the highest point and from which there was a view of the Red positions about a mile away, to the north.

Thence we descended to the main square of the town, a short walk which took us through the narrow main street. There were frequent marks of bombs, though only one or two houses had been destroyed. The cathedral had suffered severely, some of the side chapels had been demolished, leaving a view of the interior open to the street. A curious thing had happened during one bombing, the concussion had brought down a lot of plaster and uncovered a beautiful old ceiling which had been covered up for generations.

WHERE THE REDS TOOK POSSESSION: Houses at the base of the cliffs on which Teruel stands; the part of the town which was captured by the Government troops at the end of last week. They were unable at once, however, to drive Franco's men from the summit, and this week relief columns were reported to be on the way. *Below*—Typical hill country round Teruel, with Moorish ruins in the background



Life in the town did not seem to be affected by the fact that the Government lines were but a little farther than rifle-shot. Raids had evidently been of daily occurrence, and all houses with basements were arranged so that the ordinary daily life could be carried on more or less normally below ground-level.

It is more or less clear from the latest information to hand that in spite of the snow the Red forces have heavily attacked the town, occupying those portions which have been built out beyond the city wall at the base of the cliffs below it.

This is a state of affairs with which Spanish townspeople seem particularly able to cope, both Huesca and Oviedo having lived long periods with enemy trenches in part of the town without having by any means stopped the normal running of shops, restaurants, and cafés.

WHAT OF 1938?

Is it to be a Year of Industrial Prosperity? Facts and Figures that are Reassuring

WITH the fall of the year 1937 someone started to "talk slump", the Stock Exchange followed Wall Street's example and had a bad attack of nerves. Before November was out the Socialist leaders in Parliament were predicting a slump in 1938, and the leaders of the National Government were busily engaged in denying it. The denials carried more weight than the predictions, but as industry remained silent many people to-day are probably still wondering what is the answer to the question "Slump or progress in 1938?" In attempting to answer it I am not going to deal in general deductions. I am only going to set down what I have seen or heard in the past weeks.

Across the dinner-table a few nights ago I put the question "slump or progress" to a man who has just claim, as the chairman of five great concerns and the director of a dozen others, to the title of a "captain of industry". His reply was: "Look at the steel production figures, remembering that production is for forward orders and consequently reflects the state of the order books of the shipbuilding and engineering industries."

The figures show that in November, 1937, British steel production amounted to 1,178,000 tons, or the highest monthly output ever achieved by the industry. The pessimist may say: "Perhaps, but it's all for armaments." But is it? In a speech made in Leeds at the end of November Sir Charles Craven, the Chairman and Managing Director of Vickers Armstrongs, the English Steel Corporation, and Darlington Forge, said: "People say that this prosperity in engineering and steel is entirely due to the defence programme. If any firm is largely interested in that programme it is the one I serve. When I tell you that in the steel works for the first seven or eight months of this year 74 per cent. of our output was for commercial purposes you will realise that we are not entirely dependent, or very largely dependent, upon the defence programme."

Confirmation came a month later in a speech by the Sheffield Master Cutler, Colonel F. A. Neill, who said: "It is difficult to assess the amount of rearmament work being done in Sheffield, but it is a great deal less than people imagine—20 per cent. at the most. Long before the arms programme was thought of Sheffield trades were slowly and surely emerging from a period of acute depression. All that has happened is that the rearmament programme has swept Sheffield to what may be called the crest of a wave of prosperity." It is, of course, true that more steel will be wanted for armaments in 1938 than in 1937—as a Christmas present Clydeside and the Tyne got orders for new cruisers worth £7,000,000—but there is no indication of a decline in commercial demand.

Travelling in mid-December cross-country in a local train from Manchester to Wigan I heard about a wonderful new rayon factory at Red Scar that will start production early in 1938 and employ eventually between 5,000 and 6,000 operatives. Its owners, Messrs. Courtaulds, are sufficiently optimistic as to the future to have spent £2,000,000 on its construction and the installation of a smokeless power-plant.

Blackburn is to have a new radio valve factory that will employ not fewer than 2,000. Not far away at Chorley a huge new munitions centre is nearing completion and as a portent for the future nearly £1,000,000 is to be spent on rebuilding Blackpool Central railway station, and work has been started on a municipal skyscraper garage with a bus station on the ground floor and room for 1,000 cars on the other floors. While on the question of cars I was told in Manchester that Lancashire's two big commercial vehicle manufacturers (Leylands and Crossley Motors) were as busy as they had ever been, and that while one firm had big overseas contracts on hand the other had secured more than £440,000 worth of new business in the past few months.

This does not sound like a slump, nor does the decision of a famous Midlands car manufacturers (Austins) to spend £100,000 on adding another 200,000 feet of production space to its 100-acre plant. Export business alone on hand with this firm is worth over £2,000,000.

Important as are these facts, I believe that a new industrial development in South Wales and the far North of Scotland is even more significant and perhaps in some ways the most important since the war. I refer to the decision of the British Oxygen Company to spend £1,000,000 on erecting at Port Talbot in Glamorgan a plant for manufacturing calcium carbide, and an even larger sum on a similar plant near Fort William. Calcium carbide is an essential product in modern metal construction, and up to the present we have imported about £600,000 worth every year, principally from Norway.

When these new plants are completed we shall be able to manufacture all we want in this country, a fact of vital importance from the point of view of national security, as welding plays such an essential part in armament and aircraft production. The Scottish plant will be hydro-electric, but the 150-acre Port Talbot plant will obtain its power from coal—approximately 3 tons of bituminous and anthracite coal and 2 tons of limestone are required to manufacture 1 ton of carbide—which means more work for the West Glamorgan coalfield.

At long last it is possible to be optimistic about the industrial future of South Wales. With the new carbide plant at Port Talbot; a huge alumina works at Newport that will eventually employ between 2,000 and 3,000 persons; a Royal Ordnance factory at Bridgend; the possibility of a big wholesale clothiers factory in the Rhondda and the steady influx of new industries to the Cardiff district; a new R.A.F. depot costing £800,000 at St. Athan; a steady rise in 1937 of South Wales coal production for the home and export market, as well as a marked increase in steel output; each and all of these developments show that the clouds of depression are lifting after long, weary years.

Space does not permit of telling the whole story of how industry all over the country is securing important new contracts and is engaged upon large-scale expansion for the future. A £500,000 contract placed for the erection of a second section of the Battersea power station, another worth £1,000,000 secured by a single Lancashire firm (British Insulated Cables) for railway overhead line equipment. A big newspaper concern ordering £1,000,000 worth of new printing plant from a firm in Leeds; big new chemical factories planned in Lanark and at Welwyn; these are but a few out of a hundred indications that British industry does not expect a slump but progress, in 1938.

The recent "slump talk" originated in the United States, and Wall Street reacted swiftly and unfavourably. The infection spread to the London Stock Exchange, and in the latter part of October, 1937, the environs of Throgmorton Street became the prey of unconfirmed but damaging rumour. The Socialists, oblivious to the harm that might result to the wage-earners, started to talk slump for all they were worth, simply as a means of damaging the prestige of a Government that has done much to lift Britain out of depression into comparative prosperity. Confidence is like a precious and very delicate plant. Those who seek to destroy it for personal or political ends are doing a disservice to the community.

J. Baker White

FLYING OVER ALPINE ROCK PINNACLES: *Some New Aerial Views from the Region of Mont Blanc*

THE MONARCH OF THE ALPS: This picture of Mont Blanc, Chamonix's 15,771 ft. peak, was taken from the Italian side and gives a fine impression of the rugged outline of the summit with its dense covering of snow on all but the sheerest faces and its drifting clouds below. The ascent of Mont Blanc offers no serious difficulties to experienced mountaineers, but the view from the top is not always worth striving for, the frequent mists often rendering objects indistinct

RUGGED SENTINELS OF THE ALPS: An aerial view of the Needles of Chamonix, the summits of which are surrounded by swirling mists, and have a decidedly sinister aspect. On one rock face a quantity of snow still clings precariously

FROM A NEW ANGLE: Two more aerial impressions from the Alps, showing (*on left*) the Aiguille du Dru, one of the most difficult and dangerous rock-climbs in the whole Alpine system, by reason of the constant breaking-off of particles of rock, and at the same time one of the most spectacular in aspect. *On right*—Looking down the precipitous face of the Col du Géant or Colle del Gigante, which towers to a height of over 11,000 ft. amid the Mont Blanc group

THE FLOODS IN ROME: A picture evidencing the extent of the inundations in the Italian capital where the Tiber, swollen by the heavy rains, recently burst its banks and spread far and wide over the city. No details are available of the damage done or of the cost of the floods to the Government and local authorities, but they must have been serious. Relief organisations have been most thorough, but the Government has given the matter as little publicity as possible. Foreign correspondents were discouraged from obtaining information, and the Post Office was given instructions to transmit no wireless pictures

Sweden's "School for Marriage"

There Intending Life Partners are Faced With a Very Rigorous Cross Examination Before they Take the Ultimate Step

By FERDINAND TUOHY

JANUARY 1st, being Herbert Day, it is appropriate to take as the text for this article, setting forth how the Swedes essay to ward off dud marriages, a quotation from *Holy Deadlock*, the propagandist novel by means of which the Independent Member for Oxford University skirmished ahead prior to putting himself and his Marriage Bill over in Parliament.

"All these laws and regulations (A. P. H. makes one of his characters say) to prevent a man from eating the wrong thing, seeing the wrong pictures, reading the wrong books, working in the wrong way—but nothing at all to prevent a man from marrying the wrong wife . . . A pious State takes no trouble at all to impose delay between the decision and the fatal step . . . no decree nisi for marriage: the foolish young man can tie himself up for life seven days after making his decision by walking into a register office and filling up a form or two. Very odd."

That the idea of the hindering of foolish or unsound marriage is gaining ground there can be little doubt. Fools and sometimes angels are so increasingly apt to rush in side by side, with resultant debris, that in the more fact-facing world of to-day the view is widening that something ought to be done about it without in any way impinging upon the free will or action of the individual.

We know all about marriage-enders and marriage-menders. The first, the Divorce Court, is to operate more intelligently and humanly, at least in our land (is it realised that several foreign countries have no divorce, Belgium, Austria, Italy, to name three off-hand?). As for the second, one learns that "forty marriage-menders have been appointed by the Home Office to carry the willow branch into homes that have long been divided. In the new domestic courts these marital peacemakers will probe into the reasons why, every year, some 17,000 wives want maintenance and separation orders—too often one of the chief reasons for marital misery is that one partner or the other refuses to face up to the responsibilities of marriage. Husbands and wives must be taught that there is no real escape from these responsibilities."

O.K. But why not go into this business *before* matrimony instead of after? That is how our Swedes feel about it, anyway, and that many important things are done better in Sweden, is becoming a commonplace. "Least discontented country in Europe." "Most successful solutions, socially and materially." "Highest civilisation." Travellers' reactions begin to resemble Hollywood's "I think your policemen are wonderful."

Not that the Swedes are alone in this matter. Lots of people in many lands share similar convictions, well conveyed by Professor Carr-Saunders: "No institution has been so degraded and vulgarised as marriage. What sort of guidance have young people today when they approach the age of marriage?" And by Mr. Havelock Ellis: "It is by the way we order marriage and parentage to-day that the population of tomorrow will be moulded."

There is even one school for marriage already in this country, although when its existence was revealed in the Midlands, it devolved that two-thirds of the curriculum had a religious basis and the remainder, one of sex. The Swedes would scarcely divide matters so. They are not irreligious or immoral. But they have concluded that the complex world of to-day calls for a regular science of matrimony, operating as benign corrective alongside the working of the stars and the species.

If there are not yet Chairs of Domestic Fulfilment, the Swedish public has its popular experts in "the matrimonial sciences," who impart in lecture form, in the newspapers and on the air. Nor is it exclusively a question of promoting individual happiness for its own sake. Sweden has an anxious de-population problem—the birth-rate having fallen in seventy years from 34 per 1,000 to 15—and an imaginative State encourages the promotion of successful unions as one hoped-for means of retrieving lost ground, the calculation being that such unions are the least likely in the long run to withhold children.

Aptitude for marriage, physical fitness aside, therefore augmentingly occupies Swedish attention. It is hardly too much to say that a sort of national marriage questionnaire has come into being and that young people are urged in their own interests to consult it. The vision of Boy and Girl mutually checking up on character and temperament, prejudices and preferences, social and family ambiances, may make some squirm and others laugh, yet . . . is such temporary brake upon emotion of service or is it not?

According to Sweden's "school for marriage" the first thing is to find out if you've reached "emotional maturity," and there are four ways of discovering this. Do you enjoy the society of both sexes and do both sexes enjoy your society? Do you like your job and does your proposed wife also like, or, at any rate, respect it? Are you capable of making your own family decisions without outside aid? Are you decided loyally to share the joys and setbacks of married life by acquiescing in advance in a form of life that will disturb your partner as little as possible?

In Swedish eyes, number four is the keystone upon which the national questionnaire must rest; and how probing this is emerges in the very first question—"What are the qualities required in an ideal husband, alternately, wife?"—when not fewer than thirteen qualities are enumerated, incidentally showing up the meagreness of our own initiation into the matrimonial sciences.

The Board of Education recently appointed a committee, in the hope of improving marriage chances, "to study the need for further facilities for young women, both before and after marriage, to obtain guidance and practical instruction in matters of household management, more particularly in household cookery." That seems to be about as far as we have got, officially, whereas housekeeping and cookery constitute merely two of the many qualities tabulated by the Swedes in one question only of eighteen.

Concerning these qualities, Boy and Girl are invited to mark off the order of their preferences (1, 2, 3), a self-searching that should be done "without reticence and then compared for harmonies and dissonances with a similar self-examination carried out separately by one's intended partner." How, in effect, do Boy and Girl react to the relative importance of these qualities in matrimony—Devotion; Serenity, equanimity; Sense of humour; Culinary knowledge; Good housekeeping; Faculty of money-earning; Ambition; Tenderness; Physical attraction; Care-free spirit (insouciance); Judgment and good sense; Love of children.

Having squared matters up to this point, if they can, Boy and Girl are then plunged into a veritable turmoil of self-penetration.

What do you expect of marriage? (a) Security; (b) Children; (c) Collaboration in your professional work; (d) Pleasure and distraction; (e) Comradeship; (f) Physical intimacy; (g) Envy and flattery of your friends; (h) Social position. Boy and Girl have to mark off in what order they would wish these to emanate from their marriage; after which they are swept forward with—

What should marriage be? A good companionship between two parties on an equal footing, or with decision resting with the husband, alternately with the wife?

The courting couple are then invited to pronounce upon certain factors likely to play a preponderant part in their married life. What does each think about these, how are they rated:—Similarity of tastes, pleasures, and interests; desire for children; hope of advancement, career; identity of political opinions and outlook upon life; good feeling between the two families; mutual devotion; physical attraction; reciprocal comprehension and indulgence; constant effort mutually to please.

At one stage of the proceedings occur questions "for men only," "for women only." Men are asked to say which of four general types of women they prefer: the gentle, tender, resigned, obedient, submitting, who give themselves entirely and await everything from you; the maternal type asking to look after you, enveloping you with their solicitude; the comrade type, neither passive nor maternal; the domineering.

To which is Boy attracted? Which exercises the greatest physical attraction? In Sweden, apparently the comrade type of girl wins hands down.

Women are given three categories of men upon which to report their feelings. The man who dominates. The kind obliging man, watching little things, and only asking to be of service. The man preferring equal collaboration and always placing himself on the same level as the woman. To which of these goes Girl's sympathies? Which attracts her most? Very particularly, in which category does she locate her affianced?

Children are naturally much to the fore, their case being examined from all angles.

Do you wish for children as soon as possible or only after two or three years, when your material position will permit of a proper bringing-up? Is it desirable to have several children even if one of the parents has an hereditary ill, or if only one of the parents so desires it? As regards religious upbringing, prospective parents are advised to get together beforehand as to whether offspring should be brought up strictly religiously, in a religion clarified by reason, or solely according to reason to the exclusion of all religion.

Our Swedes are very thorough. Even "in-laws" must come under the searchlight. What do you think of these, your prospective mother-in-law, father-in-law, brothers and sisters-in-law? Do you like them? Are you indifferent? Perhaps you dislike or even hate them? Anyway, should you visit them often, occasionally, or rarely? And ought you to go and stay with them for a test period prior to marriage?

Boy and Girl have their work cut out, as you see, self-searching and comparing; nor is the process over, by any means. Matters affecting the domesticities are spread over several questions. The gnawing issue whether a wife should give up working in order to concentrate on the home, had much better be threshed out before than after. Should Girl keep the job she has, thereby retaining a certain material independence, should she contrive to divide her time between her work and housekeeping, had she better rest satisfied with adopting some unpaid social occupation, or should she devote her entire time to home and children?

Again, there is the domestic budget, hoary old connubial pitfall. Treatment of this is much better settled before the start, once for all. Boy either gives Girl a certain sum, while retaining right of

(Continued on page 36)

WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE EAST

Noted Pressmen Past and Present

HE SAW WHAT HAPPENED: Mr. Weldon James, of the United States Press Shanghai staff, who was aboard the American gunboat *Panay* when she was sunk by Japanese bombs in the Yangtse, and as a result was able to send in a graphic story. *On right*—Mr. Douglas Robertson, nick-named the "Apache," who has been reporting operations on the Northern Chinese front

INJURED IN THE "PANAY" OUTRAGE: Mr. Jim Marshall, correspondent of *Collier's Magazine*, who was also a member of the party of journalists on board the bombed American gunboat and was wounded in the neck. At the moment of writing we have been unable to obtain information regarding his condition

THEY CALL HIM THE "CHAMPAGNE CORRESPONDENT": Dr. Nystroem, who is representing the Scandinavian Press, evidently believes in reporting the Sino-Japanese war in style, and when this picture was taken he was arriving at Tsinan railway station to board the Tsingtao train, the last that left for the coast as the Japanese advanced through Shantung. He has been able to send home some really first-class despatches

DURING the past month or so it has become increasingly apparent that the war correspondent is having chances of earning distinction in the present Sino-Japanese war that have for a long while past been denied him; for onwards from the Russo-Japanese campaign of 1904 his activities were severely limited by the military, so much so indeed that in 1914–18 and in the Italo-Abyssinian war he had little or no freedom of action, being compelled in large measure to write what he was told to write. Now, it would appear, the correspondent is once again having a chance to be a free agent, and no one who has read the graphic despatch of Mr. C. M. Macdonald, *The Times* reporter who was aboard the *Panay* when she was sunk last month by Japanese bombers, will deny that at least one journalist has taken advantage of his opportunities. Others, too, have done well, and the risks they have run, and are running, are quite in the old tradition. The death at Shanghai of Mr. Pembroke Stephens the special correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, provides a tragic case in point, for he was killed by Japanese bullets which struck him down when he was watching the conflict from an observation post right up near the fighting line

WHEN BOWLERS AND TOPPERS WERE "DE RIGUEUR": This group was taken by James Hare in Tokyo in 1904 and shows some of the many noted correspondents who descended on the city at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. It was then that the old-style correspondent, the man who in the Boer war and previous campaigns had had such magnificent opportunities for obtaining "scoops," met his "Waterloo," for the Japanese were most uncommunicative and in other ways far from helpful. The third top-hatted figure from the left is Martin Egan and the sixth is Sir Percival Phillips who, it may be remembered, died whilst reporting the early stages of the Spanish civil war. Standing in front of Sir Percival is Melton Prior, who joined the staff of *The Illustrated London News* in 1868 and represented the paper as a writer and artist in over twenty-four campaigns and revolutions. He died in 1910. "The Sphere's" special war artist, Mr. I. Sheldon Williams, is seen standing behind the bare-headed figure in the foreground. He was the only one who really had a chance of getting into the firing lineg, but ultimately ill-luck intervened

THE JAPANESE VICTORY PARAD[E]

BANZAI! BANZAI! Japanese cheering their troops as they crossed the Garden Bridge into Hongkew after their "Victory March" through the International Settlement on December 3, a parade that was held despite the repeated warnings of the foreign residents, and culminated in an alarming bomb incident on the Nanking Road

ALTHOUGH Japan has attained most of her military objectives, the Chinese Government does not admit defeat. General Chiang Kai-Shek, acting as head of the Military Council, continues to direct Chinese resistance from Hankow since the fall of Nanking on December 13. The firing of Japanese mills in Tsingtao, on the Shantung coast, was said to have been carried out under his orders. These and other buildings in the Japanese Concession at Tsingtao had been sealed and left under the protection of the Chinese authorities when Japanese civilians were evacuated from China last summer. It is claimed that the burning of this property early this week had two military purposes: to attract part of the Japanese force away from the Canton area, and to put an end to the wavering of General Han, military Governor of Shantung, as to whether he should give his support to the Nanking Government or to the new Japanese "provisional Government."

The Japanese push into Shantung has certainly been held in abeyance for several weeks, with Japanese forces lined up along the north bank of the Yellow River and the Chinese army, under General Han, strongly entrenched north of the railway between Tsinan and the sea, and from Tungkuan, at the southern tip of Shansi Province, along the Lunghai railway to Kaifeng and thence northward into Shantung for about 60 miles. This southern line, nearly 300 miles long, is said to be held by twenty-two Chinese divisions. Another defence line extends along the Lunghai railway from Kaifeng to the sea at Haichow.

Early in the war the Chinese predicted that Japan would attack Haichow and push toward Nanking from along the Lunghai Railway, but so far the Japanese Navy has made no attempt upon this important place.

It is known, however, that a large Japanese fleet is available from Taku, the Tientsin port, whenever Japan wishes to attack the Shantung coast, and it is expected that this fleet will be used soon for the assault on Tsingtao, which is fortified, simultaneously with a land attack on northern Shantung when the Japanese are ready to cross the Yellow River. Other Japanese troops are said to be advancing overland from Nanking by three routes. The cold, bleak climate of North China is, however, more hostile to the Japanese than to the Chinese, and it is probable for this reason alone that Japan would have preferred to keep hostilities farther south until spring.

Immediately after the fall of the capital, Nanking, and the establishment, under Japanese auspices, of a new Peiping Government, transports filled with Japanese troops began to leave the Shanghai area. These are now observed to be collecting at Bias Bay, on the Kwantung coast, north of Hong Kong, preparatory to an overland march on Canton, to be preceded by the destruction of the railway which links Canton with the British leased territories adjoining Hong Kong. Air raids over Canton have continued intermittently during the past weeks. The Japanese military command has long been accusing the British of assisting the Chinese by the shipment of munitions over this railway. They also assert that the French have been forwarding war

THE JAPANESE PARADE ON THE BUND: A picture, which has just come to hand, showing the inv[asion] troops during their much discussed "Victory March" through the International Settlement. At this [time] few spectators lined the route, but a sprinkling of Japanese civilians kept step with the marching

FACE TO FACE: A Japanese officer refusing passage to an officer and men of the Royal Welch Fusiliers wher[e JAK] were moving towards the Nanking Road. Permission, after some delay, was eventually given. The inc[ident] followed the "Victory March." The British defence force in the Settlement has shown great res[traint]

THEY HAVE THEM NEXT TO THE HEART: Photographic amulets such as this are carried by many of the Japanese soldiers who believe that by doing so they will be spared

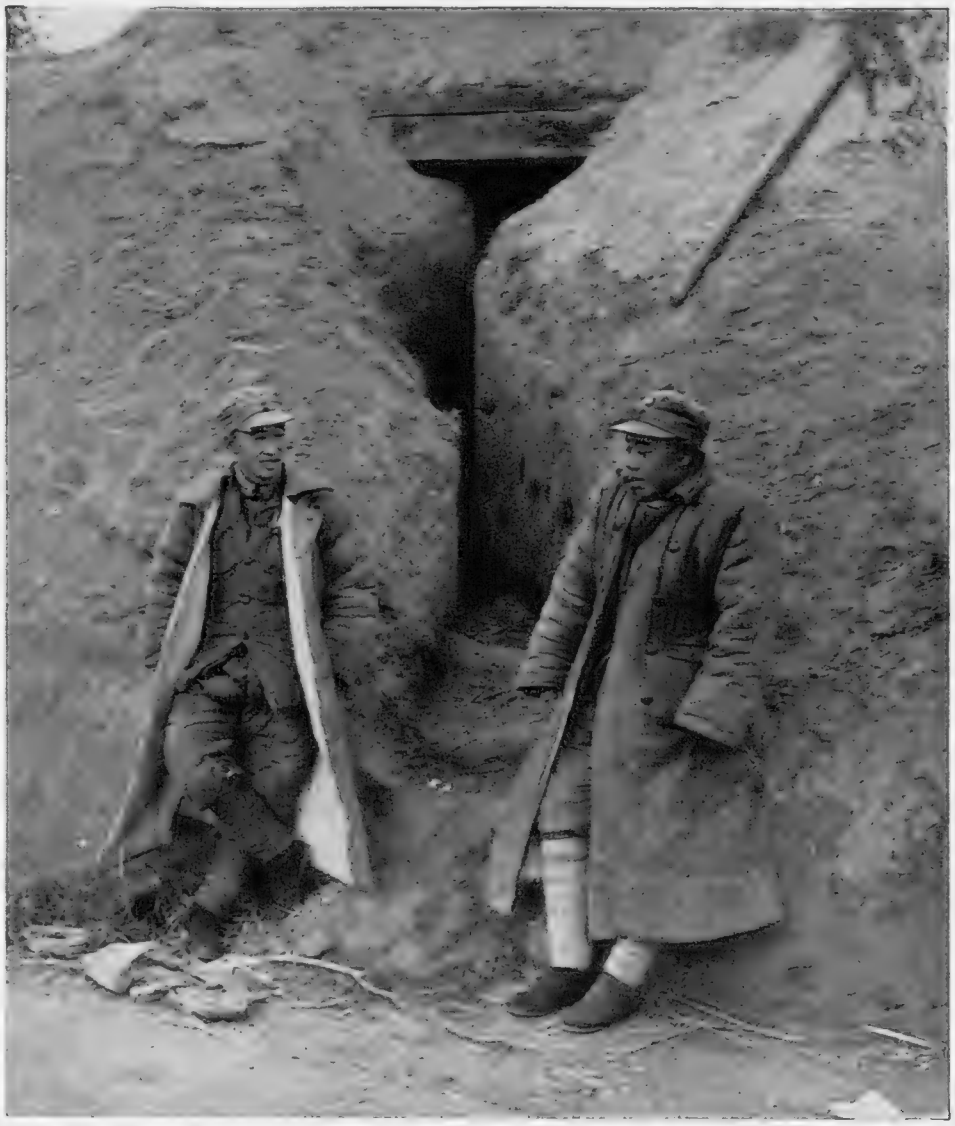
On right—TO KEEP THE INVADER AT BAY during the advance from Shanghai to Nanking the Chinese troops destroyed scores of bridges. This picture was taken after a wooden structure had been set on fire. A soldier is seen still standing in the carriageway, ready no doubt to beat a retreat

N SHANGHAI : *And Other Pictures from the Sino-Japanese War Zone*

N TIBET ROAD : Another picture taken during the Japanese "Victory March" at a point near the French Concession which the Japanese were not allowed to include in their route by the French authorities

GENERAL MATSUI SHOWS HIS MIGHT : The Japanese troops pictured passing through another part of Shanghai in the course of their "Victory March," the necessity for which was so difficult to understand, as the only effect it could possibly have was to arouse resentment

IAKING IT PLAIN : The French Consul (right) protesting to the Japanese Consul (left) after Japanese military supply trucks, accompanied by an armed guard, had attempted to pass through the French Concession



WITH THE CHINESE FORCES IN SHANTUNG : Infantrymen standing near the entrance to a dug-out excavated in one of the flood protection dykes along the banks of the Yellow River in the neighbourhood of Tsinan. By repeatedly doing this the dyke has been greatly weakened and there may be serious floods in the spring when the full force of the waters is once again felt

supplies to China through French Indo-China. The capture of Canton and its environs by Japan would cut China off completely from contact with the West, except by difficult overland routes. The easier approach to Canton up the Pearl River has been avoided because that river is known to be mined, and strong Chinese armies guard its banks.

In Shansi Province Japan is finding difficulty in consolidating the position gained by her military exploits. Chinese guerilla bands harass the Japanese outposts along the railways. Moreover, all of the south and west of this province remains in Chinese control, while the hilly country in the north-west is in the possession of the red army. As a result of the withdrawal of 75,000 troops from North China to other fronts, Japanese militarists admit that they cannot at present attempt further conquests and that their Shansi force is on the defensive. This makes advance down the Peiping–Hankow Railway inadvisable. But the Peiping–Pukow (Nanking) line is under Japanese control as far as the Yellow River, and for some distance north of

(Continued on page 36)

HONG

A "READ LETTER" DAY IN HONG KONG: The Imperial Airways express air liner *Dorado* on the "concrete" at Kai Tak airport after landing with its vast cargo of mails. The mail plane's arrival is an eagerly awaited weekly event in the life of the colony which, like all outposts, is so dependent on news from home

FOUR years ago Hong Kong airport was physically represented by a mere shack at the far end of the landing-ground at Kai Tak, which is on the north-eastern side of the Kowloon peninsula, facing the island of Hong Kong.

Now one enters the airport through imposing wrought iron gates and is deposited in front of a well-designed four-storeyed modern building adjoining the hangars and the landing ground.

This alone emphasises the recent growth of civil aviation in Hong Kong; and particularly during the last year, when passenger, mail, and freight figures have soared out of all proportion to preceding rates.

Tuesdays and Saturdays are the big air days for British residents in the colony, for they signify the arrival and departure of the home air mail. A stir of excitement invariably passes over the most ardent and determined mah jongg or bridge four as the hum of the R.M.A. *Dorado* is heard on a Tuesday afternoon. And if the exigencies of the game allow, even the hardened "old China hand" will crane out of the window or over the edge of the veranda to catch a glimpse of the silver bi-plane which carries her letter from home, ever eagerly awaited by the Imperial exile.

Nowadays it is even more outstanding in appearance because it is decorated with no fewer than six Union Jacks, of which three are on the lower surface of the bottom wing for the sake of identification by possible anti-aircraft guns.

The airport, of course, does not depend on sight or sound for warning of the air liner's arrival. Its departure is signalled from one stop to the next—in this case from Tourane (in French Indo-China), about 4½ hours distant, and after that Kai Tak remains in constant radio communication with the plane for the rest of its journey.

In the control tower at the top of the airport building there are always a number of Chinese operators in front of complicated-looking instruments, headphones to ears, oblivious to the outside world, receiving and sending messages to the various aircraft on the way to or from Kai Tak. One of the airport officials remains in the control tower, tracing the path of the expected and/or departing plane with a blue pencil on the glass top of a huge map, until the plane reaches its first destination. In the case of an incoming plane, he does not leave his post until the pilot asks for the wind direction on the landing area. Then he knows that all is well and goes down to join the throng awaiting the plane's arrival.

Here are the ground staff—mechanics, etc.; porters with disembarking step-ladders and luggage wagons; a gleaming red Royal Mail van with P.O. officials; reporters, and representatives of the air line concerned; coolies and hotel buses; friends and private cars; with the airport fire engine and ambulance striking a slightly sinister but reassuring note.

The plane circles round as it ascertains the wind force—then down, down until, after a perfect landing, it taxies along the ground and comes to a stop a polite distance away from the waiting crowd.

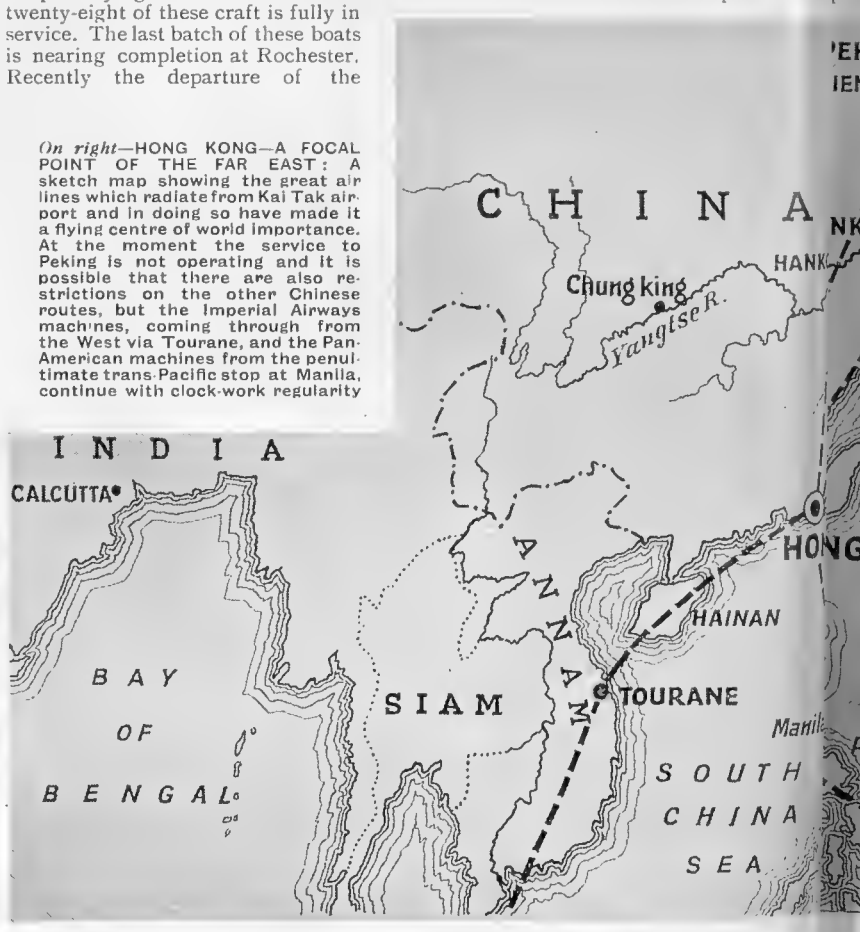
The Imperial Airways commander and his co-pilot, dressed in their smart khaki uniform, climb out of their "office," and shake hands with the airport officials. The passenger disembarks—for there is room only for one; the luggage is unloaded; then the mail—bags and bags of it—is checked into the mail van ready for distribution to the eagerly awaiting recipients.

The reason why only one passenger—sometimes two on the homeward journey—can be carried in a ten-seater plane is simply because nowadays the mail (even at full surcharge rate) is so heavy. The R.M.A. *Dorado*, belongs to the famous Diana class of 5 ton, 4-engined bi-planes which have been flying between Hong Kong and Penang practically every week since October 1935. They carry a pilot, second pilot, and wireless operator; a 50-gallon spare tank of petrol equal to the weight of at least two passengers; and mail to the weight of six or seven. Possibly Imperial Airways will replace the Diana class land planes with the 19-ton Empire flying boats when the fleet of twenty-eight of these craft is fully in service. The last batch of these boats is nearing completion at Rochester. Recently the departure of the outgoing plane has been slightly postponed—from Friday to early Saturday morning. Actually this gives residents more time to answer home letters, but in practice there is just the same wild rush. The Post Office is still a seething surging mass on Friday afternoons, and Friday is now the off-day for social engagements, since all Hong Kong is busy finishing its home mail.

The *Dorado's* departure on Saturday morning is a model of calmness and method. Ten minutes before the scheduled time (7 a.m.) the plane is quietly wheeled out of the hangar. The waiting mail van, usually supplemented by a taxi, methodically empties its bags (intriguingly labelled Penang, Karachi, Cairo, Capetown, Marseilles, London, Darwin, Brisbane, Melbourne) on the ground to be checked into the plane. The lunch baskets are handed in. After the pilot, the possibly solitary passenger nonchalantly climbs on board. Each engine is started up in turn. The pilot blows his whistle, which is echoed by the uniformed official on the ground. The mechanics, standing by with the ropes in their hands, pull the chocks away, and she is off—en route for England and home.

But Kai Tak does not lose touch with her from the time she leaves the ground until she makes her first stop at Tourane.

WHERE THE FLYING BOATS FORGATHER: The *Hong Kong Clipper* (*right*), which travels between Hong Kong and Manila, and a smaller machine belonging to the China National Aviation Corporation moored to the pier at Kai Tak airport. The pier was swept away in the terrible typhoon last autumn and other arrangements have had to be made for the time being. Rebuilding is now taking place



On right—HONG KONG—A FOCAL POINT OF THE FAR EAST: A sketch map showing the great air lines which radiate from Kai Tak airport and in doing so have made it a flying centre of world importance. At the moment the service to Peking is not operating and it is possible that there are also restrictions on the other Chinese routes, but the Imperial Airways machines, coming through from the West via Tourane, and the Pan-American machines from the penultimate trans-Pacific stop at Manila, continue with clock-work regularity

KONG: AN AERIAL JUNCTION

Her New Airport at Kai Tak Has Developed Immensely During the Past Year or So and Is Now One of the Busiest and Most Important Air Mail "Clearing Houses" in the Far Eastern World

Thence to Saigon, where she stays the night, leaving the next morning for Penang—the end of the first stage of the journey. Here she connects up with the Australian and homeward bound mail service.

On Wednesday and Thursday of each week aerial excitement is provided by the arrival and departure of the *Hong Kong Clipper*, the last link of the Pan-American Airways trans-Pacific route. The deep sound of the *Clipper's* enormous engines is easily recognised even before the great flying boat is seen hovering over the harbour. She is silver too, but her size singles her out for the uninitiated even without the stars and stripes painted on her hull.

The *Clipper* brings New York mail within six days, and will eventually make it possible, in combination with the Empire flying boats, to fly round the world with the utmost comfort—London to Hong Kong by Imperial Airways; Hong Kong to New York by Pan-American Airways; and New York to London by either line.

Very shortly one of the new 26-ton Clippers will be operating between Manila and Hong Kong, but the 19-tonner in use at present is impressive enough, with its luxurious seating space for twenty-four passengers and a crew of five; its tasteful decorations in silver and pale green; pantry

THE "HONG KONG CLIPPER" ARRIVES: A giant Pan-American Airways machine drawn up out of the water at Kai Tak, airport of Hong Kong, after completing the final stage from Manila of the trans-Pacific air journey. The Clipper brings New York mail to the colony in under a week

stocked with ice-box, iced water taps, and coloured beatl ware; and fresh air tubes (not to mention bags for air-sickness and cotton wool for ear plugs) conveniently placed.

At close range the *Clipper* looks enormous — her wing span is 119 ft.—and the great wide band of orange painted across the upper surface of the wing could hardly fail to be seen by other aircraft in the event of a forced sea landing. She usually arrives at Kai Tak with several passengers — Hong Kong business men returning from urgent business trips to Manila, round-the-world fliers, industrial magnates always in a hurry; and at the present time, due to local conditions, generally a number of Chinese officials and newsreel camera men.

Her freight is varied, including vaccines "for human use," biologicals (whatever they may be), motion picture cameras and films, and once such diverse commodities as fresh orchids from Luzon and a box of human ashes.

Probably the most interesting freight at the moment is carried by the *Eurasia* plane to Hankow. The Eurasia Aviation Corporation (a Sino-German concern) operates a daily service between Hong Kong and Hankow. Its normal run is to Peiping, but now it provides virtually the only means of communication between Hong Kong and Hankow and since writing this it may possibly have been suspended altogether. Every day in normal times 56 lb. of butter and all necessary medical supplies are carried by the *Eurasia* to Hankow, in only four hours, while on its return journey it brings as large a quantity of hogs' bristles as it can carry. Practically the entire world's supply of this strange source of toothbrushes comes from North China, and many tons are waiting in Hankow to be shipped to America alone.

In these critical times passenger accommodation for Hankow is very much in demand, and the booking office at Kai Tak, before the *Eurasia* leaves at 11.50 a.m., is usually filled with excited people arguing and pleading with the stolid unruffled German officials. Some of the passengers are often bound for Changsha, where the plane can land only when hostilities are not in progress. They have to take the risk of being carried on to Hankow.

ON THE CHINA SERVICE: *Above*—One of the C.N.A.C. flying boats which in normal times operates regularly between Hong Kong and Shanghai, being patronised to a large extent by British business men with interests in the two cities. *Below*—The *Eurasia*, which links Hong Kong with Hankow. It is a sixteen-seater with three engines and makes the journey of approximately six hundred miles in four hours. It also carries freight

THE UNION JACK IN EVIDENCE: The Japanese need fear no difficulty in identifying the Imperial Airways express machine *Dorado* as the British flag has been painted on the upper surface of the upper wing, on the lower surface of the lower wing (three times), and on the tail. When this picture was taken her pilot was going aboard

The *Eurasia* plane is a 16-seater 3-engined monoplane, painted the usual silver, but easily identified as it flies overhead by its size and shape and the Chinese characters on the underside of its wings.

In normal times the China National Aviation Corporation runs a flying boat service three times a week from Kai Tak to Shanghai. These flying boats are the same type as the *Hong Kong Clipper*, but half the size. This particular service has been temporarily suspended owing to the Sino-Japanese war activities, as has that of the South Western Aviation Company, which was preparing to operate daily between Hong Kong and Canton, up the West River, connecting with Hanoi and French Indo-China.

The passenger traffic, freight and mail handled by Kai Tak during October 1937 showed an enormous increase over that of October 1936.

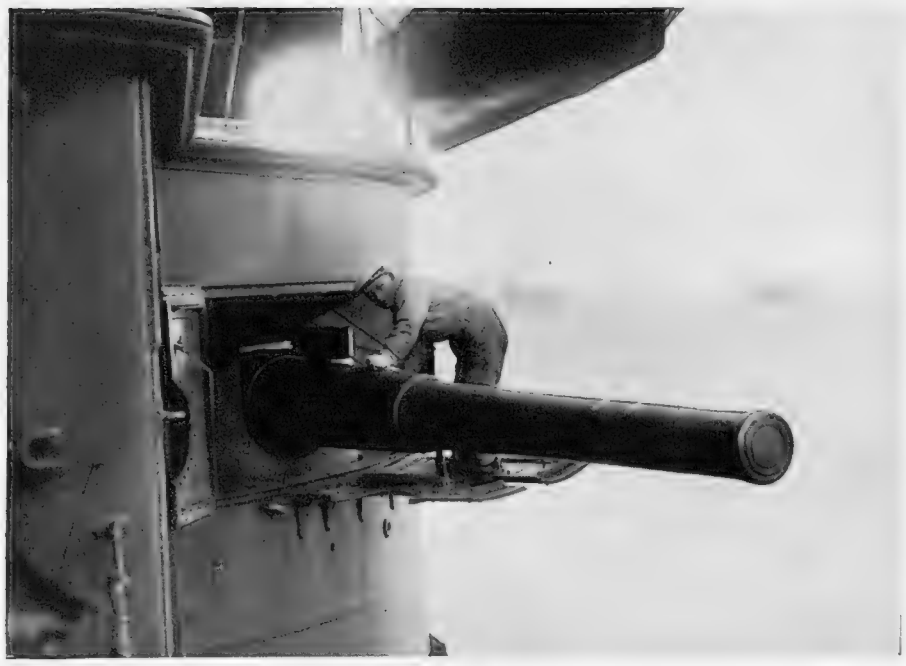
In fact, they estimate at Kai Tak airport that approximately 438,000 air mail letters are now handled per month. And this when air mail is comparatively costly! When, under the Empire Air Mail scheme, all first-class mail (as opposed to newspapers, etc.) is carried by air, it will surely be necessary for Hong Kong to have a bi-weekly service to England with very much larger craft.

J. G.

NAVAL STRENGTH IN THE PACIFIC

Its History Briefly Traced from the Final Victory of the New Japanese Navy Over the Russians in 1905

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS

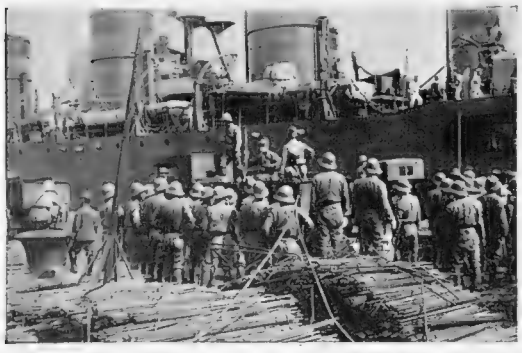


AFTER ACTION: A Japanese sailor engaged in cleaning one of the big guns in the *Idzumo*, the vessel which was anchored in the Whangpoo river opposite Shanghai at the outbreak of hostilities. Frequent unsuccessful attempts to bomb it were made by the Chinese airmen

MAY 28, 1905—the end of the battle of Tsushima—the final victory of the new Japanese Navy over the older navy of Russia. That was the beginning of a new epoch. The naval forces of Japan had routed the naval forces of the West. Admiral Togo was the idol of a fleet with a new pride of place in the affairs of men upon the seas. As if to add point to this fact, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which had been concluded by Great Britain when obsessed by the shadow of the Russian bear over the North-West frontier of India, was renewed and extended in scope.

That was the beginning of Japan as a great naval Power. It was further strengthened during the great war, when the assistance of the Japanese Navy was enlisted, not only to help in hemming in the German Far Eastern Squadron under Von Spee, but even in patrolling the Mediterranean.

During the war years the Japanese Navy grew apace. Japan was not set about by financial difficulties of the magnitude of those assailing the great Powers of the Old World, and, by virtue of her alliance, the experience and skill in shipbuilding and in naval tactics of the older naval Powers were placed at her disposal.



UNOPPOSED: Japanese troops being landed from one of their cruisers on the coast near Shanghai. With no adequate Chinese force to defy them, operations such as this have been very simple

1922—the Washington Naval Treaty. In that Treaty Japan was granted a naval strength equal to three-fifths of that of the United States and the British Empire. She became the third naval Power of the world. Moreover, in deference to American opinion, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was scrapped. This is a slight for which Japan never has forgiven England.

At the end of the great war Japan was already in possession of a fleet which was more than a match for any portion of the reduced British fleet which could be sent against her. This difference was accentuated by the lack of a British naval base in the Far East capable of accommodating large ships. Japanese naval strength, moreover, increased steadily, particularly in the matter of submarines. At the present time Japan has not yet begun to rebuild her battle fleet, but the ships of this fleet are far more powerful than they appear in the official returns. Every one of these ships has been extensively reconstructed. Meanwhile a number of exceptionally powerful cruisers and destroyers have been built, while great strides have been made in the development of the Japanese naval air arm.

As soon as things settled down after the great war and the immediate problems of peace-making, Great Britain again placed a squadron in the Far East. Apart from gunboats on the Yangtse Kiang and the West River (running up to Canton), the China squadron consisted only of cruisers and sloops and a few old submarines. In no sense could this squadron be represented as a threat to Japan. It was, in fact, barely sufficient to carry out the police duties necessary during nearly a decade of civil war.

At the same time construction was begun on the Singapore naval base. This great project infuriated Japan. It was clear that a naval base capable of accommodating the largest ships would not have been necessary at Singapore had it not been for the revocation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Thus Japan saw in the abandonment of the alliance, not only the loss of prestige consequent upon the termination of her partnership with the greatest nation of the West, but a definite move to counteract any threat of her expansion southwards. This feeling was hardly justified, since Japan had been granted a mandate of the German islands in the Pacific—islands running southwards to below the latitude of Singapore—nevertheless it existed in Japan.

The year 1928 saw the beginning of a period in which the British China Squadron was considerably strengthened. The older cruisers of that squadron were gradually replaced by the powerful new cruisers of the Kent class. This was a time when Japan had just begun to lay down a series of powerful cruisers mounting 8-in. guns—the same armament as the British Kent class cruisers. The British naval forces in the Far East were also reinforced at this time by the completion of two large cruisers of the same type for the Royal Australian Navy.

Within the next two years, moreover, the old submarines of the China Squadron had been withdrawn and their places had been taken by a double flotilla of large new ocean-going submarines. This rearrangement of British submarines placed the greater part of the submarine strength of the British Empire in the Far East. It was further accentuated by the arrival in Australia of two large new submarines, but these have since been withdrawn. Finally, a few years later, there arrived in China the mine-laying cruiser H.M.S. *Adventure*, the only vessel of her kind in the Royal Navy, and a ship capable of laying 340 mines without a return to harbour.

THIS CHINESE TORPEDO-BOAT made a bold attempt to cripple the Japanese warship *Idzumo*, when she grounded in the Whangpoo river recently

An aircraft carrier has been attached to the China Squadron for the last twelve years, and during the troubles of 1927 a flotilla of nine destroyers became part of the China Squadron.

These were the final reinforcements of the British China Squadron, apart from the gradual replacement of old sloops and river gunboats by newer vessels. The main units of the squadron to-day are five cruisers, one aircraft carrier, one mine-laying cruiser, a flotilla of nine destroyers, and fifteen submarines, among which is the new large mine-laying submarine H.M.S. *Rorqual*.

This squadron is none too large for the duties which fall upon it in times of so-called peace. The China station stretches from Singapore to Korea, a distance of 4,000 miles, and it is an area in which there are constant alarums and excursions for the units of the British Navy.

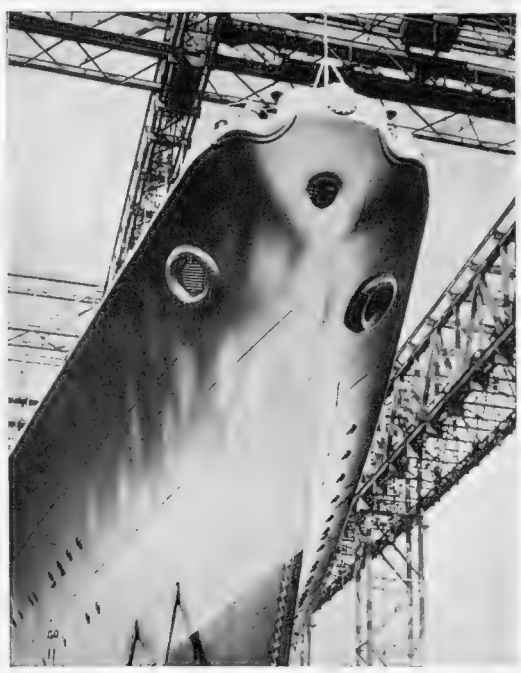
The composition of the China Squadron is most interesting from the point of view of its capabilities in war. This composition clearly indicates the broad principles of British Empire strategy in the Far East, just as the trend of Japanese naval and maritime expansion indicates her fears and her ambitions.

Three years ago Japan gave notice of the termination of the Washington Naval Treaty. Nearly two years ago she withdrew from the London Naval Conference. Japan was to have no more to do with the limitation of naval armaments upon a ratio system which imposed upon her an inferiority compared with the two strongest naval powers, United States and the British Empire.

Japan has not yet given practical effect to her claim to naval parity. In view of the re-armament programme it is extremely doubtful whether she will even be able to hold her strength up to the ratio of three-fifths of the strength of the British Empire. But there is no denying the strides which have been made by Japanese sea power. This is by no means confined to the Navy. She has built up a mercantile marine of great strength and consisting of vessels suited to act as transports and supply ships in the event of war. Moreover, Japan obviously visualises a war in which she will carry hostilities far from her own shores. Her new warships are all designed to operate at great distances

(*Continued on page 36*)

A NEW DESTROYER OF THE "HATUHARU" CLASS: The 1,400-ton *Suzukaze*, which was laid down in Uraga building yards in 1935, pictured before her launching in November last by Vice-Admiral Hyakutake, commander of the Yokosuka naval station



ANOTHER ADDITION TO JAPAN'S GROWING NAVY: The whale-like bows of the aircraft-carrier *Hiryu* or "Flying Dragon" which was launched a short while ago at the Yokosuka naval yard. She has a displacement of just over 10,000 tons

BEFRILLED LADIES at BURLINGTON HOUSE

Some Notable Canvases in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of European Art in the Seventeenth Century

"ALETHEA, COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL": Van Somer painted this portrait which has been lent by the Duke of Norfolk to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 17th Century European Art, which opens on Monday. The sitter was wife of Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl, a great art patron

"THE COUNTESS OF MONMOUTH"—BY VAN DYCK: It was only natural that the great Flemish master should have made a portrait of this member of the Carey family, for the Earl was a noted figure at the Court of Charles I. The picture, which has been lent for the occasion by the Earl of Radnor, typifies Van Dyck's purity of colouring in his work

Lent by Baron Bruno Schroder

PORTRAIT OF A MEDICI PRINCESS": A characteristic work by Julius Sustermans (1597–1681), a Dutch painter who spent much of his life in Italy and whose work has been compared not unfavourably with that of Van Dyck. Dutch artists figure largely in the present exhibition for the seventeenth century was an extremely prolific period in the Low Countries

Lent by the Countess of Suffolk

"LADY IN SCARLET AND WHITE": This is the work of Cornelius Janssen (1593–1664) a name not to be confused with that of Cornelius Jansen, the theologian, who lived at much the same time. The artist was probably of German descent and was born in England where he spent a great part of his life and, in his own day, was known as Johnson. He worked for a time with Van Dyck, by whom his style was influenced, and was employed by King Charles I

MEN OF MARK IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

A Gallery of Notabilities and What They Wore

PARAGON OF THE CAVALIERS: Gerard van Honthorst (1590—1656), one of many painters who benefited by the patronage of Charles I, painted this portrait of Prince Rupert, that dashing fighter on land and sea. The artist depicts his distinguished sitter in a broad-brimmed hat typical of the period

"THE EARL OF PORTLAND": Hyacinthe Rigaud's portrait of the Anglo-Dutch statesman who came to England as chief confidant of William of Orange and rendered valuable service to his master both here and in missions abroad. The picture has been lent by the present Duke of Portland

RICHARD SACKVILLE, 5TH EARL OF DORSET: This aristocrat of the seventeenth century, who was imprisoned by Parliament in 1642 and survived to serve in an official capacity at the coronation of Charles II, was painted by Daniel Mytens, the court artist, in well-nigh exactly the same pose as his father, the 4th earl, whose portrait appears on the right. The two pictures form a most interesting contrast, and both have been lent to the present exhibition by the Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire. Male attire at that time could hardly have been more elaborately flamboyant

On left—

"PRINCE HENRY"—CASIMIR II: Ter Borch, who was a fine portraitist, but still greater as a painter of genre, was the author of this portrait which is a really worthy example of his skill. His figures were well drawn and expressive, his colouring was clear, and, over and above all, he brought out the beauty of dress and drapery. His works are comparatively rare, fewer than a hundred of them having been so far catalogued

Some Outstanding Examples of Male Portraiture From the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition Which Opens Its Doors on Monday Next — Pictures That Give an Interesting Glimpse of Fashions in an Elegant Era

"MAN WITH A DOG": Ter Borch was the painter of this fine study. He was one of the most travelled artists of his time, visiting France, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain, being employed in the latter country by Philip IV., that monarch who failed so badly as a ruler but was such an understanding patron of art

E DWARD SACKVILLE, h EARL OF DORSET": his is the remarkable ounterpart of the portrait of the 5th Earl *hown above on left*), nd the two pictures will ndoubtedly prove an traction at the exhibion, if it is only for their milarity. Edward Sackle had a varied career, nd was successively mbassador to Louis XIII, overnor of the Bermuda lands Company, Comissioner for Planting in rginia, and Lord hamberlain to Queen enrietta Maria. In 1631 assisted in draining arts of Lincolnshire

right—
HE ART OF SAMUEL RKSZ VAN HOOGSRAEN: This portrait of homas Godfrey, which ves another interesting sight into seventeenthntury fashion, was the ork of a Dutch painter hose pictures are notable th for their quality and arcity. He was born, it said, at The Hague, but hieved a European retation by his travels, tting out on a grand ontinental tour in 1651

Lent by Lord Brocket

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAMPION: Sir Harry Lee, K.G., faithful servant of the Tudors, as he appeared to Gheeraerts, the Flemish painter, who depicted him in a richly adorned cape and feather cap. Lee entered the service of Henry VIII in 1545, and was known as a great sheep farmer. He died in 1610

MORE PICTURES at the ACADEMY

The Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century European Art

On left—
A GEM OF RELIGIOUS ART: "The Madonna and Child" by Rubens which has been lent to the exhibition by Mr. Anthony de Rothschild and is a fine example of the rich composition and luxuriant harmony of colouring attained by the most facile of all the Flemish master craftsmen

On right—
WHEN DUTCH ART REACHED ITS PEAK: Rembrandt's portrait of Saint Bruno is not by any means his finest work but it is typical of his prolific output, so ambitious in design, dramatic in treatment, and dynamic in effect

"BUST OF A YOUTH" BY DE BRAY: A work by one of the lesser known artists of the seventeenth century who are well represented in the exhibition, thus giving it an added interest to the student of art. Dutch canvases it will be noted predominate

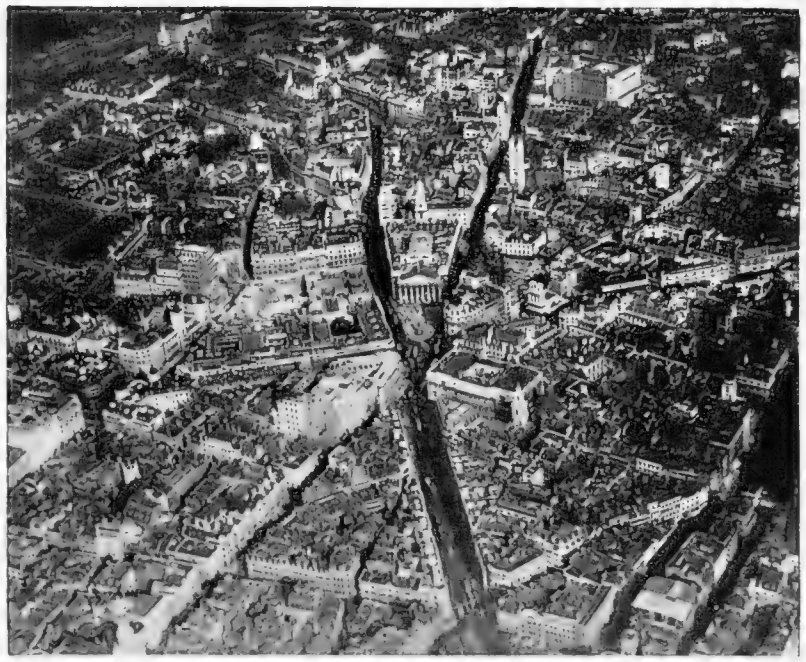
"SIR CHARLES COTTERELL, SIR BALTHASAR GERBIER, AND THE ARTIST": A canvas by Charles Dobson. There were two Sir Charles Cotterells in the 17th century, both of whom were courtiers, and this would appear to be the one who was steward at The Hague to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. Gerbier was a painter and a courtier and negotiated with Rubens for peace with Spain in 1625-27

THREE SELF PORTRAITS: Artists, it is widely acknowledged, are usually at their best when depicting themselves. The seventeenth century provides few exceptions to this, and *on the left* is Du Jardin's brilliant self impression which will be among the outstanding exhibits at the Academy. *Centre*—Sir Nathaniel Bacon's self portrait. *Right*—Carlo Dolci, the Florentine artist, whose delicacy of touch was such a characteristic feature of his style. He was an incredibly slow worker, and it is said that he died through brain fever brought on by seeing a fellow artist execute in a few hours what would have occupied him as many months

LONDON QUAKES: *As a Result of the Wholesale Tapping of the Underground Water Supplies the Whole Foundation on Which the Metropolis is Built is Unstable*

BY WALTER SHEPHERD
F.G.S.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE! CITY OF LONDON A HEAP OF BRICKS AND MORTAR! 3,000 INJURED—1,000,000 HOMELESS. Many famous buildings, after standing secure for centuries, lie strewn across the streets, ruptured gas-mains threaten another Fire of London, and the water-mains are dry. The ground still trembles, and the vast beds of gravel on which North London rests are slipping into the Thames.



LONDON—THE CITY ON SHRINKING FOUNDATIONS which ultimately, indicates the author of the accompanying article, might cause a major disaster. It is known that in the Stone Age the site stood 70 ft. higher than it does to-day and, with each succeeding year, it continues imperceptibly its downward course

YOU may read that in your newspaper in 1968, which is the date H. G. Wells suggests for the collapse of the 50-ft. terrace of Thames gravel—the "Taplow Terrace." Nature's preliminary warnings have already been noted by geologists, and careful measurements have shown that St. Paul's Cathedral is tilting over, the Tower of London is slowly moving towards the river, and the Bank of England is no more stable than the price of gold. On lower deposits still, the County Hall rocks to and fro with the tides, while Waterloo Bridge has already cracked and gone.

More deeply seated than the slipping gravels is the cracking clay, which was the seat of the two severe earthquakes of 1750. Centred near London Bridge, these shocks damaged the tower of Westminster Abbey, while in 1850 nearly 2,000 buildings were damaged in an earthquake which shook the whole London basin.

London and its environs—a crowded colony of 11,000,000 people—rests on a huge pancake of stiff blue clay, 600 sq. miles in area and 400 ft. thick. The cracks which are known to exist extend for many miles, and have been encountered by the Underground Railway engineers between Oxford Circus and Regent's Park, and near Balham Station. One is known to extend from Wimbledon to Deptford, and another crosses the river at Greenwich.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE—A WARNING: Once the fountains there played by the natural pressure which was sufficient to bring the water to the surface, but nowadays, so depleted is the underground supply of water, this is impossible

Under the clay there is a thick bed of chalk, full of water-charged fissures, and the upward hydrostatic pressure of this water totals 20,000,000,000 tons—3 tons per sq. ft. So long as this upward pressure is evenly distributed, the clay remains more or less stable, but London has bored sufficient water-holes through her foundations to make large-scale readjustments an inevitable part of her future geological programme.

London needs 350,000,000 gallons per day, and 30 per cent. of this is obtained from wells sunk 500 feet down into the chalk. There are nearly 400 of these wells in the City square mile alone, and many yield 16,000 gallons per hour. One brewery tapped a supply of 30,000 gallons, while some of the deeper wells are capable of supplying four or five times this quantity. Many of the wells have been sunk by private firms to avoid water rates.

This wholesale tapping of London's underground water is lowering the level of its wells at the rate of 3 ft. per year, and is out of all proportion to the natural supply. The well at the Savoy Hotel was recently deepened because its yield dropped from 16,000 to 8,000 gallons per hour, and a gallery 100 ft. long and 6 ft. high had to be driven sideways from it through the chalk, to cut more water-bearing fissures.

Since 1934 the Bank of England has increased its number of wells from three to six, while at least one big block of flats has sunk a well from which 3,000 gallons per hour are being taken.

The gigantic subterranean reservoir is not a "lake," but a basin of saturated chalk, the rim of which forms a horseshoe of hills round the London area. It receives its supply of water from the rain falling on these hills, a thin layer of Thanet sands between the clay and the chalk playing a large part in conveying the water underground. At the foot of the hills themselves, a great deal of water is now being taken for sewage farming and by land draining, and never finds its way below the surface at all. The underground store has in consequence been diminishing in volume at an average rate of 80,000,000,000 gallons per year for over half a century!

When it was first tapped, the pressure of the underground supply was sufficient to bring it to the surface, and the famous fountains at Trafalgar Square originally played without artificial help. But a drop in level of 120 ft. since they were built has necessitated the installation of pumps. A well in Hyde Park has similarly dropped 93 ft. in fifty years.

A secondary danger following the constant removal of the deeper water is that polluted water from near the surface is trickling down to contaminate the main supply. The water in the London clay is so poisonous that when the Piccadilly Tube was run through Kensington, the men had to receive medical treatment at the slightest scratch, and contaminated water is known to have found its way into the chalk itself near London Bridge. Water in the surface gravels, and in the tidal part of the Thames, is unsafe to drink, and when tapped at Blackfriars and Chelsea, resulted in cholera epidemics.

Widespread subsidences are noticeable where water is drawn down from the gravels which cap the London clay. Buildings on the terraces of the Thames, and on the gravels of the old rivers Fleet, Tyburn, and Wallbrook, are liable to tilt and slip, and a constant watch is being kept on them. This danger is aggravated by large-scale building operations involving excessive draining away of water, for as much as 10,000 gallons per hour have been pumped from the gravels beneath a single building, during excavations for an extension.

The recent relevelling of the London area has revealed some astonishing changes in level since 1914. The sinking has been most erratic, and varies from a few inches in some regions to a foot in others. These irregularities largely follow the varying thicknesses of gravel, and have to be added to a general sinking of the whole Metropolitan area at an inch every four years.

Complex movements are going on beneath London which show that the whole formation is becoming increasingly unstable. The London clay is being "folded" in the Lea Valley and elsewhere, while small earth movements and noticeable shocks round the edge of the Wealden area to the south of London, indicate that the chalk basin itself sits insecurely upon the deeper rocks.

The London basin and its bed of chalk have been trying to get comfortable on an uneasy palæozoic lap since eocene times. There is reason to believe that most of south-east England is subsiding, but nowhere is the subsidence so marked as in the London area. It is known from the flint implements turned out during the digging of foundations that London stood 70 ft. higher in Stone Age times.

The serious subsidences of recent years, involving thousands of pounds of damage, are but premonitions of the woes in store for a city built on shrinking foundations. Fractured drains, leaky Tubes, collapsing buildings, earthquakes—all these things may happen to London in the next few decades if the uncontrolled tapping of its water is allowed to continue. Indeed, they have already begun.

But the City surveyors and engineers are fully alive to the facts, and are preparing to give London an adequate water supply from other sources. £10,000,000 is being spent on three new reservoirs to hold more than 11,000,000,000 gallons, and these will supplement the present group at Staines, the largest of which holds 6,750,000,000 gallons, and is one of the biggest in the world.

The water will be taken from the Thames, Lea, Brent, and other rivers, and from artesian wells sunk into the chalk at safe distances from London. An experimental well at Purfleet has yielded 5,000,000 gallons per day, while investigations show that 60,000,000 gallons could be taken in many localities.

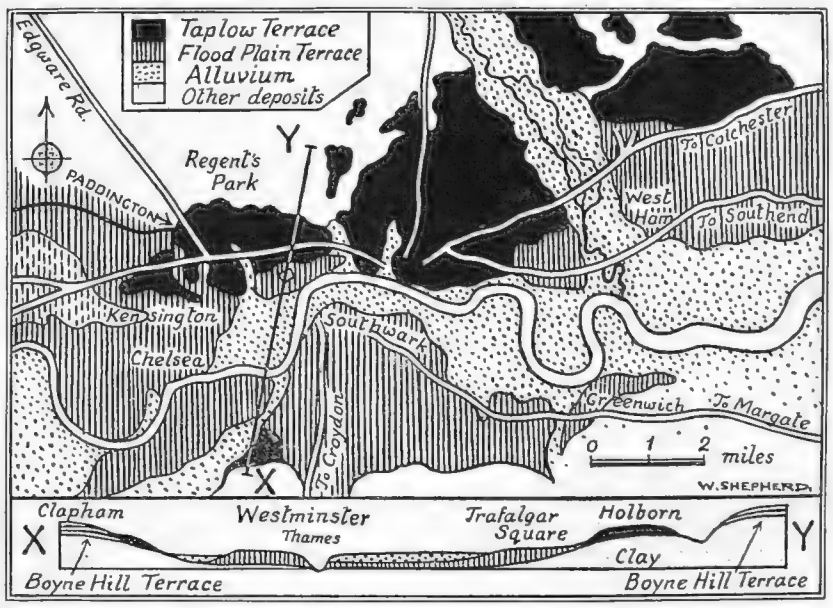
In July, 1937, an experimental well 1,000 ft. deep was sunk at Croydon to test the yielding powers of the lower greensand. This formation extends below the chalk to the north and south of London, but is absent beneath the central area.

If this well is able to maintain the expected 5,000,000 gallons per day, it is proposed to sink another at Luton, and eventually London may be surrounded by a horseshoe of deep wells capable of supplying 100,000,000 gallons of soft water per day.

Following an experiment made near Reading in January, 1937, an effort may also be made to mitigate the fall of the water level in the chalk. In times of flood many millions of gallons of Thames water run to waste, and it is suggested that by sinking drainage bores in the bed of the Thames, this water could be run down into the chalk to replenish the supplies.

Londoners use 39 gallons of water per head daily, and (apart from the wells) this comes at present from the Thames and the Lea. At fourteen places the Thames is tapped, but unless 170,000,000 gallons per day are left in the river, the shipping suffers in the Port of London. The Thames normally brings down 700,000,000 gallons, but in times of drought this may fall to less than 200,000,000, so the need of some other source of supply for London's daily requirements is obvious.

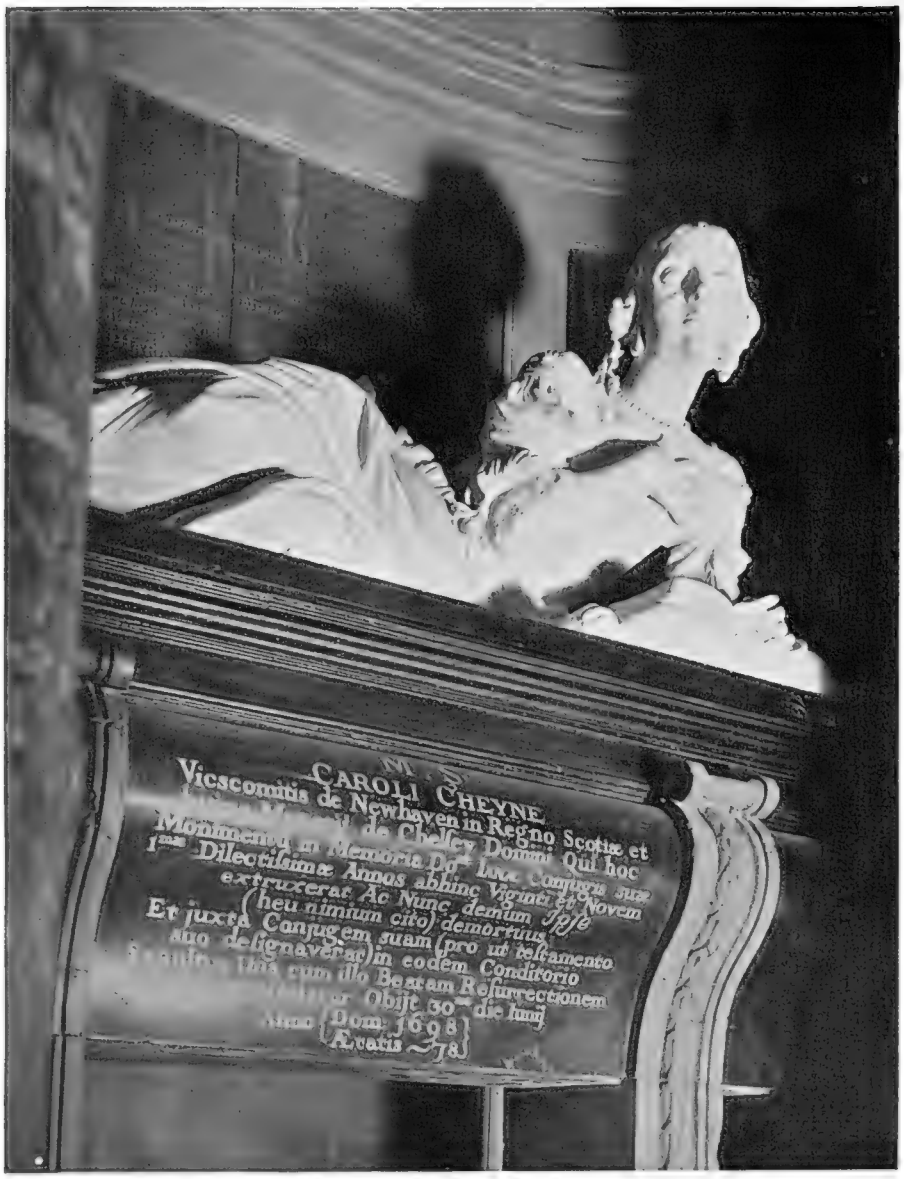
But taking it wholesale from the wells in the congested City area is worse than chopping your own feet off with a scythe—it is civic suicide.



"THE TAPLOW TERRACE", that vast bed of gravel on which North London rests and which is indicated in the black shaded area of this map of the Metropolis, is said to be slipping and already geologists have noted nature's preliminary warnings

THE RENOVATED MONUMENTS

Famous Memorials Freed from the Grime of Ages—Where S



THE MARBLE MONUMENT TO LADY JANE CHEYNE, who was the daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and whose name is perpetuated by Cheyne Walk, is one of Chelsea Old Church's many outstanding memorials which have recently been freed from their coating of London grime and now appear in their original splendour. The half recumbent figure was the work of Paolo Bernini, nephew of the renowned Lorenzo

THE TOMB OF SIR THOMAS MORE, with whom Chelsea Old Church is so intimately associated, stands in the chancel and has benefited particularly from the recent cleansing operations in view of the fact that it bears so much lettering, including the Latin epitaph composed by More himself. It is not certain whether he is buried there or at St. Peter ad Vincula

MEMORIALS DOMINATE THE SCENE in Chelsea Old Church and, as witness the example on the left in which an arch has been cut short, the structure of the building has been made subservient. The result is an erratic but, withal, fascinating medley. *Right*—A more general view of the Lady Jane Cheyne memorial in marble

Chelsea Old Church, the individual monuments of which are here dealt with, is more obviously redolent of history than possibly any of the more famous ancient churches of London. To enter its strangely irregular interior is to be plunged at once into the past. The proximity of the bustling world is forgotten. Exactly how many famous personages have at one time or another entered Chelsea's Old Church it would be difficult to say, for in the immediate vicinity were a group of great houses to which the great ones came and went. But this is not all a case of possibility, we know that King Henry VIII married Jane Seymour, his third queen, in the church, and all Sir Thomas More's family and his guests sat with him Sunday after Sunday in the regular pew. One may reasonably envisage Queen Elizabeth, then the very young princess, Lady Jane Grey, and Queen Katharine Parr paying a visit to the Parish Church which stood so close to the New Manor where this royal household spent its summer days and to which the dangerously amorous Admiral Seymour came once too often. The bell would have tolled for the funeral of Anne of Cleves in 1557.

B. H.

SIDE BY SIDE: The recumbent figures of Lord [illegible]ad in September, 1594, and the wife in May, 1595. [illegible]wo Hospital to which Chelsea had the privilege of ser[illegible]oo preservation. The ironwork round it is partic[illegible]

OF CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

Thomas More Worshipped, and Henry VIII was Secretly Married

"TO SAY A STANLEY LYES HERE THAT ALONE WERE EPITAPH ENOUGH" runs part of the inscription on this monument to Sir Robert Stanley, second son of the sixth Earl of Derby. His bust is shown in relief on the pedestal above the marble tomb and the various shields and crests are rich in colour

THE STANLEY TOMB: A close up showing part of the memorial to the sixth Earl of Derby's son as it now appears. The heraldic devices have been picked out in full and appropriate colours while the hair of the figure in the centre has been gilded. The work has been most beautifully done

ady Dacre who died within a few months of each other; the husband Dacre is remembered in Westminster as the foundress of Emanuel wo residents, provided that the tomb remained in a sound state of ood, and the detail of the canopy very rich and elaborate

SHOWN WITH UPLIFTED HANDS, RISING FROM THE GRAVE AS AT THE RESURRECTION: The monument to Mrs. Sara Colville, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Lawrence, a wealthy goldsmith. of the Chelsea district. The appearance of the figure accords with the inscription from Ezekiel below it: "And you shall know that I am the Lord when I have opened your graves, O my people"

A PROPOSED COSTUME MUSEUM

At Present there is no Adequate Museum in England Devoted to the Living Art of Dress, but it is Now Within the Bounds of Possibility

OFFERED TO THE NATION: Mannequins wearing some of the beautiful costumes belonging to Dr. C. Willet Cunnington who has one of the world's finest collections and who, in a letter to *The Times* on November 26 last, announced his desire to present it to the nation on condition of its being exhibited unbroken and in a museum devoted entirely to dress in its several aspects—technical, sociological, and artistic. *On the left* are walking out costumes of the years 1894, 1838, and 1815, and *on the right* an evening dress of 1863 and a walking out dress of 1909

DR. C. WILLET CUNNINGTON, the dress expert who has offered his great collection to the nation, seated in the centre of a group of mannequins wearing dresses dating from the closing years of the eighteenth century to the opening of the twentieth century. Dr. Cunnington, who has devoted half a life-time to his subject, is the author of two delightful books entitled *English Women's Clothing in the Nineteenth Century* and *Feminine Attitudes in the Nineteenth Century*, one of which he is reading. *On right*—A gown of 1863 cut away from the shoulders

Dr. C. Willet Cunnington's suggestion that he should present to the nation his dress collection to form the nucleus of a national museum of costume is one that should be applauded, for Britain is much in need of such a museum both from the point of view of students, who would be able to see how dress has been an integral part of civilisation and a symbol of its changes, and from the point of view of trade designers seeking inspiration and information. From a statement made in the House of Commons last month it appears that the Government does not intend to move in the matter. It would be a thousand pities though if the chance were allowed to slip.

A costume, or a small group of costumes, conveys little or nothing to the spectator, said a recent *Times* leader. "Even in the Victoria and Albert and in the London Museums the prevailing impression left by the costumes is amazement or amusement at the fantastic differences between the female form and the clothes with which this or that age covers it up." Seen in historical succession as in the Cunnington collection, with one outline or colour or decoration leading out of another, the development of women's dress takes on artistic and psychological coherence and can be linked with the other developments of art during the same period

Special SPHERE *Pictures by A. Console*

MEXICAN TYPES

DRAWN BY AMY DRUCKER

A ZAPOTEC INDIAN WOMAN of Mitla, Oaxaca Province, and (*right*) a man of the west coast

A TARASCAN INDIAN MOTHER and her infant

Ethnologically Mexico is enthralling, for there whites, American Indians, half-castes, and, indeed, a few Orientals, live free and equal under a constitution that recognises no race distinctions. This very diversity naturally attracts the artist and Amy Drucker, whose work is known to "Sphere" readers, has made some interesting studies of typical members of the Indian population, three of which are reproduced herewith.

The Zapotec Indian woman depicted by Miss Drucker belongs to a race whose traditional history goes back to the period when the mighty ruins of Mitla and Oaxaca were brought into being by a civilisation that was certainly not inferior to that of the Mayas. The artist also shows a Tarascan mother and child. These Indians differ considerably in habits and customs from the Zapotecs and are to be found for the most part forming a small group in the province of Michoacan. The man in the centre drawing hails from the west coast and it was his picturesque-looking headdress that first attracted Miss Drucker's attention. Judge of her disappointment when she learnt that the white cloth worn beneath the broad-brimmed hat was not a permanent feature of local native headgear, its origin steeped in tradition, but merely a palliative for a common head cold.

An Artist-Adventurer IN MOROCCO

Berbers and Their Dress Recorded

THE ARTIST-ADVENTURER: M. Jean Besancenot with two Ammeln men and a child in the Anti-Atlas mountains where he went on his expedition

M. Besancenot has lately returned from Morocco with a fine series of drawings of Berber men and women through whose mountain fastnesses he has been journeying, reaping a rich reward of material. Wherever he went he met with an hospitable reception, though sometimes there were difficulties when it came to the point of making sketches, particularly in the more remote regions that have only lately been pacified, where superstition lingers. The Berbers found an apt name for him "Moandiz del Souira" (Engineer of Image).

A WOMAN OF THE CHTOUKAS, a tribe living at a high altitude in the Anti-Atlas mountains. Tufts from two corners of her cloak adorn her head

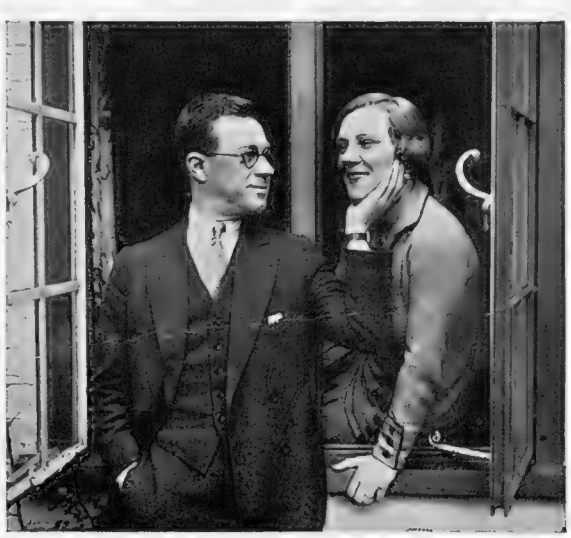
THE HAIK, a flowing cloak of dignified proportions, worn by a man from Chaionia, south of Settat. It is the one and only covering for his body

THE BLACK COTTON ISAR, a garment made in one piece and worn by a Berber woman of Taroudant. The total length of the material is just about 15 ft.

"A BLUE WOMAN OF SOUTH MOROCCO," so called because of the indigo dye the people use so freely. She wears a striped woollen coat

AMERICAN FARCE AT THE ST. JAMES'S: Two scenes from *You Can't Take It With You*. It is a combination of burlesque and slapstick, and the action takes place in the home of one of the craziest families that have ever been portrayed on the stage. *Left*—Gilbert Davis as the burly tutor and Ina de la Haye as the exiled Grand Duchess. *Right*—Mrs. Sycamore (Hilda Trevelyan), looks on at the budding romance of Alice (Daphne Raglan) and Tony Kirby (Edward Underdown)

ANOTHER COMEDY PIECE FROM THE U.S.: Devoid of cash and backers the greater part of the energy of the characters in *Room Service*, the back-stage play at the Strand Theatre, is spent in bluffing the hotel proprietor. Some of the situations are intensely funny



AN ACTOR PASSES: Laddie Cliff, pictured here with his wife, Phyllis Monkman, died last month in a sanatorium in Switzerland, thus leaving a tragic gap in the ranks of our comedians. *On left*—Richard Carey as St. George in *Where the Rainbow Ends* at the Holborn Empire

DRAMA

Some Successes and Failures of a, on the Whole, Satisfactory Year in the Theatre: A Fairy Story in Modern Dress at the Garrick: Firth Shephard's Innovation at the Piccadilly

BY PHILIP PAGE

THERE is a long established tradition that as each year draws to a close, it must, and should be, demonstrated that in the world of the theatre it has been "significant" of some particular phase. Usually I find that this is the last phase, or something very much like it, and that pessimism is well to the fore; the end of high comedy, the end of musical comedy, the end of revue, if not the end of the theatre itself, are deduced with no little complacency.

If I were asked, writing at the end of 1937 for my deductions from the last twelve months, I would say that nothing of importance in the theatre is at an end, and that gloom should be.

By this I do not mean that we have enjoyed a period of unalloyed bliss and unprecedented commercial prosperity. "Flops" have occurred, among the floppiest being a quite lamentably ineffective satire on political dictatorship at the Vaudeville a few weeks ago. *The Silent Knight*, a play in verse at the St. James's, on which possibly the best comment is silence; and the Palace revue, *Take it Easy*, whose sponsors soon found that the wisest course was to take it off. Of more value, though disappointing, have been the *Coronation* revue at the Adelphi, and the romantic musical play, also at the Adelphi, *The Laughing Cavalier*; the latter was beautifully produced and contained interesting music and some of the loveliest stage pictures I have ever seen, but so far as laughter was concerned, this was for the most part confined to the Cavalier, and he did not laugh much.

There was a remarkably interesting and well-acted play at the Shaftesbury, *Satyr*, which ran for a few nights only because of the unpleasantness of its subject. Comfort, I suppose, may be derived from this (except, possibly, by those people who lost their money through backing it), in that it is proof positive that the London theatre-going public is not in the least prurient.

The welcome to Miss Gladys Cooper on her return to London could not, unfortunately, be extended to a dullish and rather morbid play about a little boy who was shut up in a cupboard and went mad. But enough of *post mortem*.

Outstanding successes have shown that at the top of the poll of popular taste are light and amusing comedies of the most frivolous type and what I last week ventured to call blood-stained farces in which the audience is called upon to laugh, and does, at murder most foul, dished up with witty lines. Of the former examples are *French Without Tears* (founded A.D. 1936) *George and Margaret*, and the latest (and, to my mind, the best), *Yes and No*, at the Ambassadors.

Large-scale musical comedy has had two winners —*Balalaika*, which started slowly but came into its own triumphantly the moment it was moved to His Majesty's, and Mr. Ivor Novello's brilliant achievement at Drury Lane, *Crest of the Wave*. That artistic showman, Mr. Firth Shepherd, who is also on the crest of the wave, has continued to find money-makers with the uncanny accuracy of a water-diviner with a twig, the most profitable of his collection being I imagine, *Going Greek* at the Gaiety, with the never-failing genius of Mr. Leslie Henson as the life and soul of it.

Among authors, first prize undoubtedly goes to Mr. J. B. Priestley, who has three plays running simultaneously. I am not confounding quantity with quality, but in the case of Mr. Priestley both exist. *Time and the Conways*, *People at Sea*, and *I Have Been Here Before* are, in their several ways, deeply interesting plays; and the greatest of them is *I Have Been Here Before* at the Royalty, with one of the greatest of modern actors in the cast—Mr. Wilfrid Lawson. Finally *Victoria Regina* must not—indeed, cannot—be forgotten; this pageant-in-tableaux of Victorianism shows signs of reigning indefinitely (which is not at all the way the great little Queen reigned).

The year has seen the passing of three widely divergent figures of the entertainment world—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Jean Harlow, and Lilian Baylis.

And three London theatres have gone—Daly's, the Alhambra, and the Prince of Wales'; the two last-named already rebuilt

With significant developments in the above period I must deal briefly. One is the increasing power and licence now given to the producer, who is coming to take the same sort of position as that of a soloist in

THE BOYARS IN COUNCIL: Members of that wealthy privileged class of the old Russian aristocracy, who opposed all reform and were the most retrograde element in the land, assembled to meet the Tsar. A striking shot from the Russian film *Peter the Great* which has been proving an immense success at the Théâtre Pigalle, Paris, and will doubtless soon be seen in London. It is outstanding for its photography, and has the added merit of being devoid of obvious propaganda, a thing that can be said of very few pictures indeed emanating from the Soviet Union. It is to have a sequel entitled *Catherine I*, work on which is already well advanced

a concerto with the autocracy of a conductor thrown in. He is at his most flamboyant where the classics are concerned, perhaps because there is no author to say him nay. His tendency is ultra-fantastication. He means well, and has intelligence. But unless he is checked—and I do not see how to check him—he will be a menace.

Another is the microphone. This detestable instrument, which has, or should have, nothing to do with the theatre at all, is at present a mere interloper, found only in musical shows. But its use is on the increase and it made its appearance even at the Royal matinée last week when, most fortunately, something went wrong with the mechanism, though not before some ghastly results had occurred.

For the microphone there is no more excuse than there is for the actors and actresses who need it. People who cannot make themselves heard in a theatre without mechanical assistance should not be on the stage. And that is all there is to it.

"Bedtime Story."—Many years ago Mr. Walter Ellis wrote a farce called *A Little Bit of Fluff*, which ran for years at the Criterion and amused the troops. There are no troops worth mentioning to amuse nowadays (I am speaking strictly in comparison with those stirring times when officers home from the trenches bought theatre tickets as if they were packets of cigarettes, and in no other sense), but I doubt whether in any circumstances Mr. Ellis's play *Bedtime Story* would achieve a run of years. None the less, I enjoyed this simple story,—"Cinderella" type—at the Garrick, and had it not been played at funereal pace, I would have enjoyed it more.

It is, of course, the fairy story without any fairies and in modern clothes. "Cinders," otherwise Judy, does not wear rags and sit in front of the kitchen fire, but she does wear very ordinary garments and spectacles too. This is by way of providing a contrast with the splendid creature into which she develops in Act II. So splendid is she that people think she really is a princess, and since this is a modern play and not a pantomime, detectives appear. For it is an axiom that in modern plays one cannot have pseudo-princesses without detectives.

Miss Vicki Lister, who is a young Austrian of much talent and charm, plays Judy with plenty of spirit, though the part, like the play, is purely conventional. Mr. Eliot Makeham, as what in the pantomime is the fairy godmother gave a lovable exhibition of Christmassy benevolence, and Mr. H. R. Hignett was perfect, which is nothing new for Mr. H. R. Hignett.

Mr. Cyril Ritchard played with an air of elegant detachment in this semi-*Cinderella* and put up a good performance without a great deal of material. But I would sooner see him at the Prince's Theatre in the real *Cinderella*, partnering Miss Madge Elliott.

"Choose Your Time."—Mr. Firth Shephard's new play at the Piccadilly Theatre, partly explained by its title, is admirable and I hope, and think, it will succeed.

In its present form there is a slight snag. The main idea is, presumably, that people who wish to linger over dinner can "choose their time" and, if need be, not arrive at the theatre until the last item in the programme—the full-length play, *Talk of the Devil*. That is to say, at 9.30. Unfortunately, this would involve their missing the first half of the entertainment, which is unquestionably the best.

I cannot picture anyone, thoroughly pleased and with appetite whetted by this variety show, choosing nine o'clock, when it comes to an end, as the time to leave the theatre finally. If they do, the management need not worry financially, for they have paid for their seats. I would suggest that Mr. Shephard, while watching his flocks by night at the Piccadilly

(*Continued on page* 36)

SCREEN VERSION OF A YORKSHIRE STORY: Madge (Glynis Johns) has put a hedgehog in Lydia's locker so the latter challenges the culprit to a fight while all the other girls look on. A scene from *South Riding*, a Victor Saville production produced under the auspices of London Films. Edna Best plays the part of a schoolmistress

THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE: Madge Carne (Glynis Johns), who has been sent to the local secondary school owing to her father's straitened circumstances, putting a hedgehog in Lydia's locker, thereby involving herself in a fight. Another scene from *South Riding*

RINGLETTED FRANCES DEE looks as delightful as ever in *Wells Fargo*, the picture which has its setting in the America of pony express days. Co-starring with her for the first time is her husband Joel McCrea while Lloyd Nolan and Mary Nash help to make up a sound cast

ALAN PARSONS' SCRAP BOOK YIELDS TREASURE TROVE

AT Christmas, in spite of my polite and hypocritical protests that I already had one, I was given a book, and that book is likely to remain as one of my fond possessions. It is a book to keep within reach of your favourite armchair, to pack in the luggage for a long journey, to give to a friend whose affection matters to you, or to buy for yourself rather than take a temporary library lease on it.

Its simple title is ALAN PARSONS' BOOK (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), and its appearance is some foretaste of what the book holds, for it is bound in a clear, black-labelled yellow, the choice of the compiler and of his wife, Miss Viola Tree, who tells that their scrapbooks and sheets of music are bound in the same vivid and heartening colour.

During his lifetime Mr. Alan Parsons was a devotee to the art, for with its devotees it is nothing less, of the scrapbook. He would sit at a long table or in bed "with the paste and scissors and a dusty pile of little books on the bed itself. . . . He would cut wickedly trim printed books, or write with that beautiful hand, like a very quick monk's script."

This book, which his wife has edited from the most typical of the cuttings and quotations, makes up with her own comments, a complete life story. Passages from Pepys, fragments of Izaak Walton and Gosse and Compton Mackenzie recall scenes of their life and inimitably there is her own account, in fresh, unstudied, and affectionate words, filling in the picture of an attractive, colourful, and essentially young personality.

In the first years of their married life, just before the war, when they were living "in beautiful and happy chaos" in a London house, the book begins. Their young circle of friends was brilliant, gay and talented, and all but three or four were to be killed in the next few years. "They were the most dazzling of the lost generation," writes Miss Tree, "who would now, had they lived, be at the head of the country, and whose sons are growing up into manhood. It seems strange to explain who they were, but I suppose it was all more than twenty years ago." It would be difficult not to be touched by the pathos of those lines.

The quotations from the scrapbook proper reflect every mood and every phase of life through which these two passed, and every fresh enthusiasm. Perhaps the only one that lasted, except for music which was a constant joy to both of them, was a delight in the writings of Pepys, and we meet him again and again in the book's length. I cannot resist quoting one myself, which has every merit, including the inestimable one of brevity. "10th (Lord's Day): To church, where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people."

There are also one or two diverting extracts from Parliamentary debates, one ending with the following remarkable exchange:—

First Hon. Member: You ought to be put into Madame Tussaud's.
Second Hon. Member: Shut up!
First Hon Member: Golliwog!

A cutting from the agony column of *The Times* invites financing for an expedition to find a brontosaurus, and Robert Louis Stevenson is quoted on the subject of "Home, Sweet Home": "I have no idea whether this air is to be considered good or bad, but it belongs to that class of art which may be best described as a brutal assault on the feelings."

Among the lovely passages of poetry which Mr. Parsons chose for his private anthology there is much of Shelley's work, of Shakespeare's, and of the Elizabethan dramatists. Also, and despite Mr. Pepys' criticism of it, there are several quotations from the *Duchess of Malfi*.

It is a book full of treasures, of which I have left all the rarest unquoted. Find them for yourselves, and discover a collection that will give you hours of real pleasure.

An expedition of young men to discover something new in this much travelled world, or to explore land which still remains mysterious, has an appeal to anyone with even an armchair sense of adventure. It smacks of the Elizabethans and the Golden Age, and it seems right and proper that a young country should be mapped by young adventurers.

Quotations and Extracts from Many Sources that Make Delightful Reading: A. R. Glen's "Under the Pole Star" Smacks of Elizabethan Adventuring

By VERNON FANE

Such expeditions are not rare since the Universities of England and America formed their own exploration clubs, and one of the most recent journeys was sponsored by Oxford and led by young Mr. A. R. Glen, with young Mr. Andrew Croft as photographer and second-in-command.

The objective, we learn from Mr. Glen's book, UNDER THE POLE STAR (Methuen. 25s.) was the North East Land on the edge of the Polar ocean, and in the fourteen months they spent there much was discovered about a vast tract of country and ice wastes that had previously been unknown. One of the party of ten came from the Royal Signals, one from the Royal Engineers. The first was not surprisingly in charge of the wireless arrangements; the second, Mr. Daniel Godfrey, was surveyor and an "old" hand, since he had already made a valuable trek across the Greenland ice-cap.

The Admiralty and the Army Council appear to have co-operated with the expedition's aims admirably, to such a degree in fact that Mr. Glen is moved to write that it was "the first time I have been able to look upon a Government department with genuine affection."

The greater part of their story makes amazingly interesting reading, and what lapses there are from the standard of general appeal is due in the main to technicalities. That is in itself a good fault, since the book has been written, I imagine, not only as a popular account of adventure and achievement, but as a real contribution to the existing knowledge on the subject of North East Land.

As one might imagine, high spirits were one of the characteristics of this expedition, and Mr. Glen's stories of their telegram to Signor Mussolini, and "Archie" and the bear, are excellent light relief. Some of the photographs are magnificent, and all are remarkably interesting.

In October a year ago Mr. Francis Brett Young wrote a little book which must, I would like to wager, have given him a great deal of pleasure in the writing. I have never been one of those who thought that composition was anything but a labour, even to the easiest of stylists, but just now and again one comes across a book of such spontaneity and charm that it is impossible to believe that the author did not share in creating it at least some of the reader's delight.

Such books are generally written to please, first the writer, and then his public. As Mr. Priestley once sagely wrote, the author has to live with a book for so much longer than the reader that he might as well choose a theme that is going to give him some pleasure. Often they have a material success beyond that of the books more carefully directed to attract the eye of the great British public, hereinafter known as the G.B.P.

In the case of Mr. Brett Young's PORTRAIT OF A VILLAGE (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), while it may not be so widely successful as his novels, it will certainly rank with his best work, and I think I have enough Christmas confidence left over to add that that will also be the view of posterity.

A little village, which might just conceivably be in Worcestershire, is the subject of the portrait, though "no village like it," Mr. Brett Young assures us, "has ever existed outside my imagination," and the completed canvas is a lovely and satisfying thing.

The centre of life and interest in Monk's Norton is at the cross roads. There is the church, the inn, the rectory, and the lovely old house of the surviving Miss Abberley. That house and its owner stand for all that Monk's Norton knows of the real gentry, Major Sheldon-Smith of the Grange having oddly failed to ingratiate himself with the locals. The vicar, Mr. Follows, has in his own mind made the same mistakes in comradeship though he is a likeable, almost pathetic figure, and a scholar.

At the inn where "every evening the Perrys receive their intimates, and the affairs of the village are discussed in the spirit of an exclusive club" the real centre of the village is found, and where the competition of the Men's Club seems least important. Somehow "a game of darts in the bar of the Sheldon Arms appears more attractive . . . than the same diversion in the bleak or artificially cheery atmosphere of the Village Hall."

Down the road live most of the villagers, and it is in sketching in their diverse characters that Mr. Brett Young is at his most felicitous. Had he wanted to, he might easily have found in these short chapters the material for one of his fuller-length novels, and although we should have welcomed that, I cannot believe that there could be much improvement on the present delightful form of the author's latest and friendliest book.

The illustrations, which are from wood-cuts of Miss Joan Hassall's, are completely in character with the book's intention, and an integral part of its attraction.

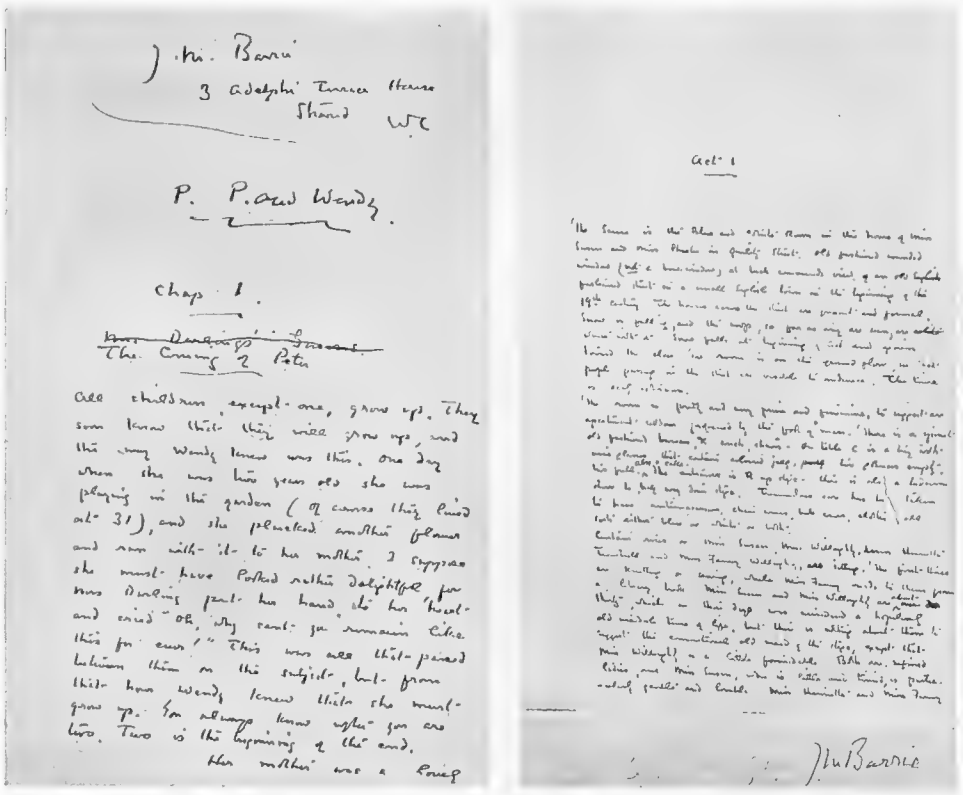
In his memoirs, THIS IS MY LIFE (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), Mr. Vernon Bartlett leads us, arm in arm as it were, through his life up to the moment. He has seen revolutions, watched peace conferences and been bitten in a really spectacular way by bed bugs.

Some of the high spots of his journalistic life—and they are a pretty fair illustration to the man himself—are his interviews with Hitler and with Mussolini, whom he kept waiting, purely by accident, for an hour; his talks with the late Alexander of Yugoslavia and with Haile Selassie, and more than these august occasions his inevitable presence at any really noteworthy happening, such as the March on Rome, the Saar plebiscite, or the day when Herr Greiser cocked his famous snook in the Hall of the League of Nations.

Perhaps the most amusing stories, though, are about the author's broadcasting *contretemps*, which include one memorable nightmare. An entertaining book and from some points of view a stimulating one, however one may disagree with some of Mr. Bartlett's political *dicta*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARTHUR BARKER.—THE TALE OF THE LAND OF GREEN GINGER. Written and Illustrated by Noel Langley. 10s. 6d. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—THE NEGRITOS OF MALAYA. By Ivor H. N. Evans. Illustrated. 25s. CHURCHMAN PUBLISHING CO.—HERBERT FRY'S ROYAL GUIDE TO THE PRINCIPAL LONDON AND OTHER CHARITIES. 2s. COLLINS.—MYSTERY IN WHITE. By J. J. Farjeon. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—PERSONALITY PARADE. By Godfrey Winn. 2s. 6d. THE GREENWOOD HAT: Being a Memoir of James Anon, 1885–1887. By J. M. Barrie. 8s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—GEORGE VI. By Hector Bolitho. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. MULLER.—THE LUTE PLAYER IN AVALON: Poems. By Campbell Mitchell-Cotts. 5s. JOHN MURRAY.—THE LAST ELIZABETHAN, SIR JOHN COKE, 1563–1644. By Dorothea Coke. Illustrated. 15s. THE HEART OF A CONTINENT. By Sir Francis Younghusband. 9s. NELSON.—KINGS AND THINGS: First Stories from English History. By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated by Lanta Spurrier. 5s. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—THE FUTURE OF PARTY POLITICS. By Commander Stephen King-Hall. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED. By Horace Goldin. Illustrated. 18s. PUTNAM.—MY SCOTTISH YOUTH. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. 10s. 6d.



BARRIE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE SALE ROOM: *Left*—The first page of the autograph MS. of *Peter Pan and Wendy*, and (*right*) the front page of the MS. of *Quality Street*, both of which were sold at Sotheby's last week, the first going to Dr. Gabriel Wells, the New York bookseller, for £560, and the other to Mr. W. T. Shaw, for £300. The *Peter Pan* MS. consists of 282 leaves

MID-SEASON ELABORATION

Lelong's charming black wool afternoon dress, very simple in line, has a front elaborately embroidered and cut out to reveal a foundation of clear blue. There is a tie of the same blue at the throat, and the little pointed cap of black tricot is lightly and most frivolously veiled

Lelong adds, to a suit of clear beige, a blouse of mousseline de lain de kasha printed in greens and blues. The hat, with the quaint dip in the brim, is of green felt

Chanel's black marocain frock with curved insets of fine lace is seen on the left at the foot of the page. Bows adorn the top of the sleeves, and a gigantic bangle clasps the wrist

Young and gay and lovely, Chanel makes the evening dress in white lace embroidered with silver. The sash is of ruby taffetas, and red roses surmount a black veil spangled in red and green

Bands, Bows, and Bracelet

A SEASONABLE SIGN: An Automobile Association sign, warning motorists of one of winter's deadliest perils, erected at the top of a hill near Hellifield, Yorks.

WINTER MOTORING

Troubles that Beset the Driver from October to March

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands

DURING the winter months certain accessories on a car are used much more than when summer is with us. Perhaps the most hard-worked at the present time is the windscreen wiper. This accessory is probably the most vital of all from November to March and yet it does not seem to have been improved to any great extent since it was first introduced. Originally we had four types, namely, a wiper operated by hand, by suction, by mechanical means, and by electricity. The first has completely disappeared, and the third is almost non-existent, which leaves us with those operated by suction and electricity. Of the two, the latter is far the more popular.

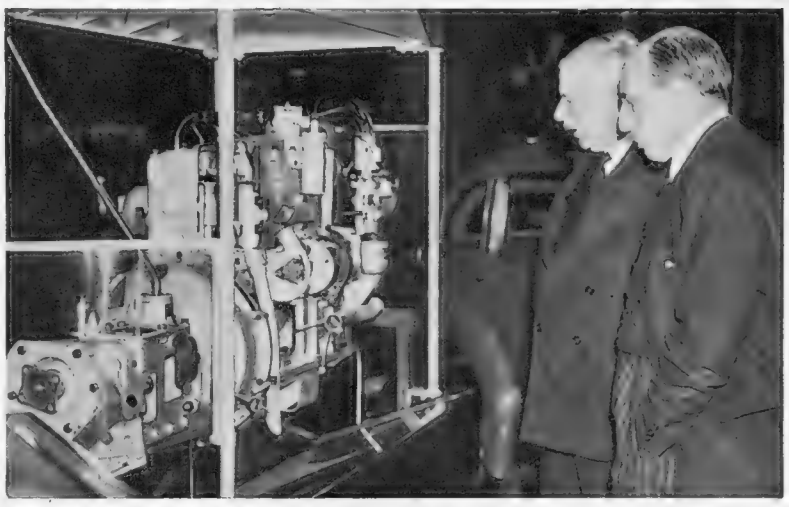
During the last few years, at any rate on the more expensive cars, a separate motor has been fitted, usually under the bonnet, and the drive is taken from this motor to the blades by a flexible shaft. The two main reasons why the position of the electric motor has been changed are, firstly, by placing it under the bonnet it can be made more robust in order to perform its work of operating the two blades, whereas in the early days it was only called upon to work one and, secondly, by moving it farther away from the occupants of the car into a separate compartment the noise more or less inseparable from a working electric motor was considerably reduced.

In my own car I cannot hear the electric motor, but instead of that I have even a greater noise from the revolving flexible shaft. This noise can be reduced by filling the casing of the shaft with lubricant, but I find that this remedy lasts only a few days and involves a job which is not too easy to carry out. Five or six years ago this noise, or that coming from the electric motor in its original position, did not matter very much because the car at that time was far from being silent and so the noise from this accessory really was not heard. To-day, the average car is as quiet running as was the Rolls-Royce in 1932. It seems strange, therefore, to me that the manufacturers of windscreen wipers have not devoted their time to designing a really quiet windscreen wiper. Something certainly ought to be done about it, and it is a problem which should be fairly easy to solve.

Whilst writing about windscreen wipers I would like to express my disappointment that manufacturers do not yet appear to have produced a standard product which will wipe away the condensation on the inside of the windscreen as well as the rain-drops on the outside. Here again the problem is comparatively simple. Certainly, it is not impossible, because I have seen such a wiper operating on a car belonging to a friend of mine. He had to have it made up specially, and it looks extremely neat, whilst I am told it performs its task with every satisfaction.

Another difficulty which besets the driver in the winter months is that of keeping the windscreen clear on a day when the roads are wet and no rain is falling. With these conditions ruling the glass becomes obscured by mud and dirty water thrown up by the wheels of cars in front. The standard windscreen wiper if put into operation diminishes the already poor visibility. I have seen apparatus which squirts water on to the windscreen so that the wipers when turned on can do their job. But, for some reason, of which I am not aware, this device has not been adopted by car manufacturers as part of their standard equipment. I think I have written enough to show that there is wide scope for improvement in this rather important accessory.

CHANGES IN NEW YORK: An aerial view of the northern end of the new park system built on the west side of Manhattan Island. Running through it is the new highway which will do so much to relieve traffic congestion in the city. The recently constructed new Hudson Bridge crosses the inlet on right



SEEING FOR HIMSELF: Mr. Leslie Burgin, M.P., Minister of Transport (right), inspecting the various stages of manufacture during a recent visit to the Humber-Hillman works at Coventry. He satisfied himself that cars of to-day are as safe for his roads as modern engineering can make them. Lieut.-Col. J. A. Cole, Chairman of Humber Ltd., is seen explaining the various technical details

NEW YORK BUILDS A PLAYGROUND FOR THE PEOPLE and a mighty traffic artery along the banks of the Hudson River. A new aerial picture showing the progress of the gigantic task which has involved the reclamation of a vast acreage on the west side of Manhattan, part of which is being used for park development and part occupied by a highway planned to relieve traffic on New York's thronged avenues. From now on cars making for New Jersey will be able to reach the George Washington Bridge, seen in the background, with the very minimum of difficulty

Since winter started we have already had a goodly ration of fog. Just when we were becoming accustomed to this condition and overcoming the difficulties which it produces we find ourselves confronted with another problem, namely, how to negotiate ice-covered roads with safety. Fog we can see and we are not left in any doubt as to its presence, but ice is a treacherous condition and one which creates just as great dangers.

A white frost is, of course, easily seen, but the black variety can convert a road into a sheet of ice which may escape detection until it produces its unpleasant results on the controllability of the car. Any day or night when it is suspected that the temperature has dropped below freezing point the utmost care should be exercised.

Like fog, ice can be encountered in patches. More often than not, at least during the day-time, this is brought about by the sun or the warm wind melting the ice on most of the roads, leaving those parts which are sheltered by trees, hedges or high walls still frozen. Conditions such as these are, of course, most dangerous because the driver gaining confidence as he travels along the extensive stretches of the road which have thawed increases his speed and then suddenly strikes a patch of ice. If the car suddenly begins to take control there is very little to be done except to try to stop the skid by the ordinary measures. The chances are, however, that the front wheels, as well as the back, are on ice, in which case the only thing to do is to hope for the best.

When it is known that there is ice about, the driver who values his neck would travel at a very slow speed and drive his car as if it were fitted with no brakes. The greatest care should be taken that the steering is never used abruptly and I would advise the driver to avoid either going up or descending any appreciable gradient if an alternative route, which is free of such inclines, is available.

When I have to negotiate a gradient with an ice-covered surface I always drive with my near-side wheels as close to the gutter or side of the road as is possible. This does give one the chance of keeping the car straight. I think one of the most unpleasant experiences is to tackle an ice-covered hill, come to a standstill owing to the failure of the wheels to grip, apply the brakes, and then find the car gaining momentum whilst it slides backwards down the hill.

Old seasoned drivers hold ice in the greatest respect, but I fear there are a number of newer motorists who do not yet realise where they may land if they drive over ice-covered roads at their accustomed speeds.

IN the early days of motoring it was nothing unusual for a driver to kill accidentally a dog or a hen during his day's journey, although the early drivers were, on the average, more skilful than those in charge of cars to-day. On the other hand, from my experience it was quite a rarity to run over a cat. Of all animals that stray on the highway, the cat was the most sagacious. To-day, this state of affairs appears to have altered, and I am inclined to think that the animal that suffers the greatest fatalities on the road is the household cat. The motorist very seldom kills a dog or a hen, and so I am forced to the conclusion that these animals have acquired road sense more quickly and to a greater degree than the cat. Perhaps some scientist can supply us with the reason for this change, and also perhaps tell us why of all animals the human being appears to take longer to acquire the necessary instinct for self-preservation on the roads.

This England . . .

Where Counties meet — Buckinghamshire.

WHEN from a high-banked lane or woodland ride some lovely valley springs upon the view, we are taken in envy of the men who farm so grand a sweep, protected and watered by the shouldering hills. Yet is their life hard — from chill-fingered dawn to trudging eve, from dung-spreading to harvest-home — for Nature is not softly wooed in these damp northern lands. Down the ages man has reft her secrets from her, and amongst them a weapon against herself — against fatigue and ill and failing courage. They called it beer, and all men drank it for their good. One brew of that elixir we have still, one that was most favoured where Nature was most harsh; *we* call it Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

THE BOMBED BRIDGE on the Peiping-Hankow Railway with the weighty locomotive which was involved in its collapse

READERS of THE SPHERE will recall a picture of a railway bridge smash in the northern war area of China to which we gave prominence in a recent issue, and which we reproduce again above. It showed the big railway bridge on the Peiping-Hankow railway with the span on the left broken away and fallen from the masonry pier. But the interesting part of this particular bridge smash was the awkward position of the locomotive, sitting partly on the pier and partly on the fallen steel-work. Here was a nice problem for the Japanese engineers and the picture naturally aroused special interest in technical circles. How could the bridge be repaired and the line cleared for military troop trains? Here are two solutions by an expert :—

"Judging by the dimensions of the span the width of the river would be something between 80 and 100 ft. In the absence of a big break-down crane, which the engineers are most unlikely to have here, there would be two ways of tackling the job. The locomotive is the snag. If they could tilt it over with powerful hydraulic jacks and timber packing, so as to drop it over the side into the river, the repair of the bridge would be much simplified.

The other way would be to jack up the damaged end of the river span girders, following it up with timber packing as they get up, and at the same time lifting the locomotive—which is somewhat fortunately fairly balanced on the edge of the pier. When they got the river span end and the locomotive to the level they would probably drag the locomotive by another locomotive or tractor on the shore end till it was on the shore span. If the undercarriage of the locomotive was too badly damaged to wheel it along, they would have to jack it on to skids and skid it off."

The "Stratheden" On Her Maiden Voyage

The Latest Luxurious Addition to the P. and O. Fleet Leaves for the East

THE new P. & O. liner *Stratheden* started her maiden voyage to India and Australia on Christmas Eve. This luxurious vessel of nearly 24,000 tons resembles in most respects the highly successful *Strathmore* and is soon to be joined by another ship of the same type, the *Strathallan*. The *Stratheden* has a length of 664 ft. over all and presents a graceful appearance with her straight stem and cruiser stern. There is one funnel of imposing dimensions and two pole masts. She can carry 448 first-class passengers and 563 tourist-class on eight decks.

The first-class accommodation includes two handsome Vice-regal suites each with private dining and sitting-rooms, veranda, bedroom and bathroom. There are many cabins with private bathrooms and all first-class passengers are accommodated either in single or two-berth cabins. In addition each cabin has a telephone connected to a central exchange with call-boxes as well on the various decks.

Other amenities are the extensive sports deck, 275 ft. long and 82 ft. wide, and a swimming pool with a veranda cafe and bar.

The children have their own dining saloon and nursery with a small deck space for their exclusive use.

Tourist-class passengers are accommodated in a manner undreamt of a few years ago and attractively furnished cabins and spacious public rooms are at their disposal. They too, have ample space for games and their own swimming pool. The galleys and kitchens are provided with the most up-to-date electrical equipment. All the cabins and rooms have mechanical ventilation replacing the old electric fan, while the dining saloon has the benefit of air conditioning. There are two passenger lifts in the first saloon and one in the tourist.

The ship has a large cargo capacity, including ample space for insulated goods. In addition, special arrangements have been made for the stowage of motor cars, a growing requirement of the modern passenger.

The lifeboats are of steel, and are fitted with a patent hand-propelling gear, and the ship carries in addition four motor boats. The latest devices for the safety of the ship have been installed.

The *Stratheden* is propelled by twin screws, each driven by a set of Parsons' turbines consisting of one high-pressure, one intermediate-pressure, and one low-pressure turbine, working in series and driving separate pinions engaging with the main gear-wheel.

The steam generating installation consists of six Babcock and Wilcox high-pressure marine type boilers of which there are four large and two small.

The boilers are arranged to burn oil only under forced draught. There is also the usual auxiliary machinery necessary to the modern liner.

During the summer the *Stratheden* will be included in the P. & O. cruising programme, thus giving many thousands of holiday makers a chance of voyaging in this fine ship.

NOW ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The new P. and O. liner *Stratheden* which left London for Australia on Christmas Eve. She resembles in many respects the highly successful *Strathmore*

Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa.

AROSA 6000 ft.

Amid the finest Ski-Fields in Switzerland

Six thousand feet up, in a land where the Snow lies dry and deep between November and May, where Winter Sports reign supreme and holidays are a joyous round of healthy fun. Swiss Ski-School.

The minimum rates of the following Sporthotels are :—

	Beds	Frs.		Beds	Frs.
Schweizerhof	20	10.—	Seehof	110	14.50
Gentiana	30	11.—	Valsana	100	14.50
Furka	30	11.50	Berghotel Prätschli	80	15.—
Belvedere Tanneck	40	12.50	Altein Grand Hotel	150	15.50
Merkur	40	12.50	Arosa-Kulm	170	16.—
Suvretta	40	12.50	Excelsior	100	16.—
Alpensonne	40	13.50	Grand Hotel Tschuggen	180	16.—
Bellevue	110	13.50	Hof Maran	110	16.—
Post-und Sporthotel	70	13.50	Neues Waldhotel	125	16.—
Des Alpes	60	14.50			

Arosa's great advantage is its altitude, for the ski-fields surrounding it go right up to 9000 feet

OF ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS—ONE SHILLI

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

When the Blue Train Runs in Triplicate: February and March, the Ideal Months to See the Flower Harvest in the Scillies

PROVENCE.—This is the time of year when the Blue train runs in triplicate and the French Riviera daily receives English visitors in greater numbers. Yet how many of these make a break in their journey to visit probably the most interesting quarter of the Continent which lies so near at hand? From before the days of the Roman Empire Provence has been a favoured region, and the accretion of Roman and medieval relics gathered together at such places as Avignon, Nîmes, Orange, and Arles is unique. Winter, visitors being then fewer in number, is a good time for a visit.

THE BEAUTY OF THE RANCE ESTUARY: The little Breton yachting and fishing harbour of St. Servan dominated by its old tower. It lies quite close to St. Malo and is linked with Dinard by ferry. A tunnel is to be built in the near future

Among these towns it is difficult to pick a favourite. Avignon has the Palace of the Popes and the Rocher des Doms, and near by are Vaucluse where Petrarch wrote and the fountain still rises in surroundings of great beauty, and Arles where there is a great arena and the beauty of the women perpetuates the classic features of Greece. Then no visit to this district is complete without a stay at Nîmes, on the way to which from Arles you will pass near the Pont du Gard, one of the finest Roman aqueducts still in existence. Nîmes is wholly Roman and has its huge arena and lovely Corinthian temple, the Maison Carrée. Orange possesses the glorious gateway which should be, but somehow never is, the first Roman remains seen on entering Provence, and at Aigues-Mortes and Saintes-Maries are some of the most extraordinary medieval buildings in France.

By Air to the Scilly Islands.—I hear that the air service to St. Mary's in the Scilly Islands is now in full working order. The service will not very greatly affect the chief interest of the islanders at this time of year—the flower trade. But to those who dread a three-hour journey by sea the new service will be a boon since the journey is thereby shortened to about fifteen minutes.

People who have determined that this season they will not neglect to visit Britain's spring bulb fields should remember that the flowering time is an early one. By April things are beginning to slack off just at the time that one usually begins to think of daffodil fields. February and March are better months. April, however, has the advantage of making possible a dual purpose visit to see the bird islands as well as the flowers, and one can hope in that month for more settled weather. If, though, you intend to make the visit it is well to remember that aeroplane accommodation is limited and that it is advisable to book well ahead.

Rhodes.—The island of roses is one which deserves fuller treatment than that possible within the confines of a paragraph. Its medieval capital, marvellously preserved since its building by the Knights of St. John, is truly the pattern of wise restoration, and the city, with its impressive walls and gates, the street of the knights, and the hospital, which is now a museum, is a fascinating place. In addition the island is blessed with a good climate, and its lovely gardens and warm coves are an invitation to the visitor. Rhodes is easily reached by way of the steamer services from Venice and Brindisi or by air from Athens.

Corsica.—This page seems to be suffering from a surfeit of islands; but the need for a mild climate for holidays is (unless one is winter-sporting) paramount. Well known as Corsica has become, the island is unspoiled, and its size provides a very large variety in the way of places to stay at. Ajaccio is a picturesque and attractive town with a fine harbour, and is, of course, Napoleon's birthplace. Bonifacio is an interesting fortress-seaport, suspended, seemingly, by a miracle over the sea, and Bastia and Corte are both admirable towns from which to make excursions into the rugged hinterland of the island. Whether you are out for scenery, flowers, or fishing (both sea-fishing and trout), Corsica can provide all of high quality, and its countryside is unforgettable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Northern France.—In Picardy we suggest the Hôtel St. George at Merlimont Plage about 20 mins. from Le Touquet. This is a very quiet hotel but the food and accommodation are very good and it is an excellent spot for children as the sands are really wonderful. The place is not crowded. If you write to the proprietor (who speaks English) he will give you very good terms for yourself and children. St. Valery and Fécamp are also small places, but we think rather more crowded than Merlimont. In Brittany we think you would like Douarnenez which is very charming indeed and we have had excellent accounts of it from one of our readers. Here you might try the Hôtel de Bretagne which charges 25 to 35 francs per day for room and pension. Then there is Treboul not far off where you could stay at the Hôtel des Bains which charges 25 to 40 francs per day for room and pension. The bathing here is excellent.

MODERN RHODES: The island capital is easily reached to-day by way of the steamer services from Venice and Brindisi, or quicker still, by air from Athens. It is blessed with a superb climate and can be visited in comfort at any season

A PAPAL RELIC: This fountain, with its three drinking troughs surmounted by the triple crown and the keys, was built to mark the limit of the Vatican precincts in the nineteenth century

Nearer to England are St. Cast, St. Servan, and St. Jacut. At the latter place there is a delightful old abbey run as a pension. It is situated right on the point and has its own beach. This is ideal for children and very inexpensive. It is advisable to write early to book rooms, as it has its own faithful clientèle, and it is difficult to get rooms. Our final recommendations are Merlimont Plage, Douarnenez, or St. Jacut.

Rome.—In the limited time you have to spend in Rome we suggest that you first see the Vatican Museum, the Sistine Chapel, and St. Peter's. This will take the whole of one morning. Then we suggest that you take one of the afternoon tours round Rome arranged by Cook's or some other agency. The next morning visit the Coliseum, the Forum and Temples and the Pantheon and in the afternoon drive out to the Villa Borghese. This will be about all that you will be able to do. As you will be out all the time it will be cheaper for you to stay at an hotel where they give you bed and breakfast only, and we can recommend the Bologna Hotel in the Via Santa Chiara which charges 13 to 22 lire for a single room and 24 to 38 double. There is a very good little restaurant nearby and many near St. Peter's. If, however, you prefer an hotel, we suggest the Boston which charges about 50 lire per day for single room and pension, or the Inghilterra which charges approximately the same.

IN OLD PROVENCE: The interior of the Roman Theatre at Orange which bears witness to the town's importance in Roman times. In the Middle Ages it was the capital of an independent Principality

Yugoslavia.—If you do not wish to spend the whole of your holiday on the Dalmatian coast we would suggest that you arrange to stay at Plitvice which is within easy motoring distance of Lubjana. There is one large hotel, the Plitvice, which is thoroughly recommended by those of our readers who have stayed there. The hotel is open from May till September. The scenery is particularly delightful, there is excellent trout fishing and the bathing in the five lakes opposite the hotel is admirable. We are sure that you will find the hotel very comfortable as headquarters for your family in the early summer.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

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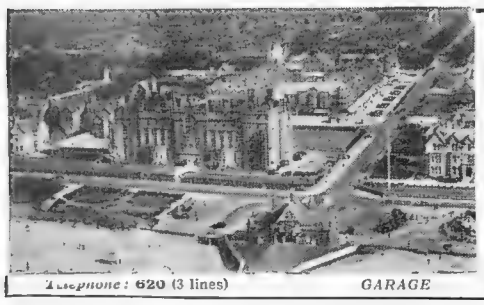

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PARK HALL HOTEL
TOROUAY

In Quest of

The West Country, With Has a Reputation All

OFF we go again to the West Country this week, and if you think that I have been writing too much about it lately, I can only say that, judging from the number of inquiries I get, it is an enormously popular part of the country at this time of the year. Very understandable too. There are several other parts with an equally good climate—Sussex, for instance, and the Isle of Wight—but none which surpasses it for winter sunshine.

This time I am going to ignore the big hotels and introduce you to a few rather special places which are well-equipped and comfortable, but at the same time absolutely quiet, places where you can take that holiday you are promising yourself when the children have gone back to school, with the certainty that your nervous system, jaded after a month of pantomimes and Christmas parties, will soon be restored to its usual even tenor.

The first question which arises is car or train? Usually I have no hesitation in recommending car, unless you know exactly where you are going. But at this time of year there is a lot to be said for train—anyhow as far as Exeter. A happy compromise is to take the train as far as Exeter or Torquay and then to depend on the admirable bus service which the Western National Company maintains all over South Devon and Cornwall.

My first suggestion is the Manor House Hotel at Moretonhampstead, a G.W.R. hotel. One of the jobs I frequently have to do in my capacity of Myth Exploder in Chief to the travelling public is to assure you that railway hotels (what a phrase!) are not what they used to be. A visit to the Manor House will soon convince you that I am speaking the truth.

Two hundred acres of private parkland, 18-hole golf course, hard and grass tennis courts, free trout-fishing, country house atmosphere, central heating throughout and unrivalled travel facilities! Does that satisfy you? Because that is a list of some of the attractions of the Manor House.

But Dartmoor does not suit every taste, and to those who want the semi-tropical flowers and brightly coloured bays of the South Devon coast, I should like to recommend the Royal Hotel at Teignmouth, one of the most sheltered spots of all our coasts. The Royal, under the managing directorship of Mr. A. Morgan Edwards, who also controls the Rougemont at Exeter, Woody Bay, and Saunton Sands, is as you would expect a really first-rate hotel. The cooking, perhaps, is what will impress you most—certainly I have rarely seen better equipped kitchens than those at the Royal. But in every respect, with its comfortable bedrooms, its unsurpassed situation, and its special winter terms, it ought to be a thoroughly good winter proposition.

Torquay, which lies some five or six miles farther round the bay from Teignmouth, is, of course, the Queen of West Country resorts. Most of its good hotels are famous, and my readers ought to know by now what I think of them! So just for once we will by-pass Torquay and the country round it and hasten on to that glamorous stretch of coast so justly called the Cornish Riviera.

If you have any nautical leaning you will not want to go farther than

Pied-a-terre . . .

must be *comfortable*—luxurious beds and appointments in every bedroom.
must be *central*—the hotel overlooks Hyde Park and is immediately accessible to all parts of the West End and City.
must be *economical*—the terms are surprisingly moderate and offer incomparable value. All the essentials of a pied-a-terre are found at the Alexandra.

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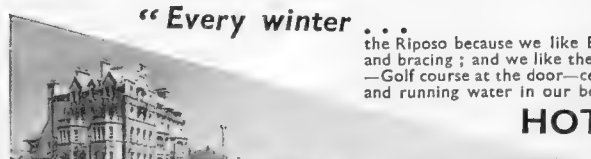

the Riposo because we like Bexhill—restful, entertaining and bracing; and we like the Riposo—in the key position—Golf course at the door—central heating and telephone and running water in our bedroom."

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Telegrams : "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Its Full Share of Sunshine, Own In the Winter Months

Falmouth. For Carrick Roads and Falmouth Bay are, so to say, the Southampton Water and the Solent of the West Country. There are several good hotels in Falmouth and the district immediately around it, but I am going to introduce you now to a particular pet of mine, the Greenbank at Falmouth. Such is the configuration of the coastline there that Falmouth is sheltered from the wind in all four quarters.

Perched on the very edge of Falmouth Harbour the Greenbank is a veritable paradise for yachtsmen : but, if you are a landlubber, don't be frightened away, for the management will make you just as welcome. Falmouth Harbour, dominated by the Cutty Sark, holds perpetual enchantment for the onlooker ; and it is safe to say that not much goes on there which is unobserved from the windows of the Greenbank.

And lastly a real gem in the most exquisite Cornish setting—the Headland Hotel at Coverack. The Headland is one of those enviable places where guests come again and again and bring their friends. Mrs. Coombe and her family who run it seem to cast the same spell over their visitors as they have over their hotel.

Some 10 or 12 miles from Helston and an equal distance from Falmouth and the Lizard, it makes a perfect centre for touring the toe of Cornwall. Its furnishings are not only pleasant but designed for relaxation and the hotel is so built and situated as to catch every ray of the warm Cornish sun. I warrant I shall not make enemies of the people who take my advice to go to stay there.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is selected from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish this particular example as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

J. H. F. (Hampstead).—You are quite wrong in supposing that the New Forest is impossible in January but I expect you had in mind the recent snowstorm at Lyndhurst which was a phenomenon for that district.

Personally I should make my headquarters at Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, Beaulieu or Fawley.

At Lyndhurst there is the Crown and the recently renovated Grand. At Brockenhurst the Honeywood Hotel, Balmer Lawn, and as an alternative the Forest Park Hotel.

But for something smaller and a very lovable hotel with a definite country-house atmosphere, there is that very well-known hotel, the Montagu Arms, Beaulieu. I have not yet been to Cadland House at Fawley, overlooking Southampton Water, but I have been recommended to do so. It is an historic mansion with golf, riding, and squash all close at hand.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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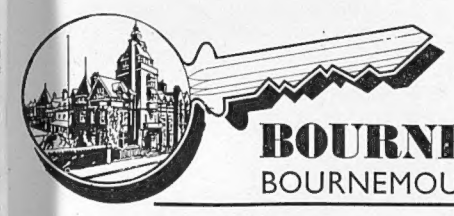

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel, Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—S ieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

SWEDEN'S "SCHOOL FOR MARRIAGE"

(Continued from page 10)

control, or he pays the bills himself, giving his partner pocket-money and dress allowance.

Intending partners are also told to get together on the physiological. Boy and Girl should decide what degree of importance they attribute to this aspect. Also, they would be well advised to probe the self, touching whence they derived their knowledge—from medical books and other reading—parents or professors—daily observations—personal experience.

And, then, of course, there's divorce. In parts of Scandinavia I believe there is a law by which a divorce is given if the two parties request it, but they must think it over for a further period of some months and any children (or, if necessary, one or other of the parties) must be provided for.

Apparently three divorce views prevail. That divorce is inadmissible. That it is a necessary corrective even if only one of the parties wishes it. That it should be viewed only as "an escape of despair, authorised solely by dual and complete incompatibility."

In what has before now been called the happiest land, Swedish marriage preparers reserve happiness until the last. How do Boy and Girl respectively contemplate this commodity? They are given two options. Either to consider happiness as the legitimate prospect of every reasonable and normal couple who really wish for and will it, or, on the contrary, as reserved by a selective mystic force only for those "made for one another."

Which is a good note to end upon. I observed earlier that this whole business of pre-nuptial mutual checking-up would probably stick in some peoples' gullets, as altogether too material, even clinical. Agreed. Personally, I should be gone like the wind from any lass who proffered a marriage questionnaire to me—or, rather, should have been gone.

Yet it is perhaps as well to bear in mind that the true kindred spirits, those who, vulgarly put, "click" spiritually, mentally, every way, constitute but an infinitesimal proportion of all those in the married state; and that the new idea of scouting ahead for the possible, if not likely result of unions, has to do with the less discerning—and less lucky—multitude. Surely the Swedish marriage questionnaire is a good thing for them.

On reading it through, I'm not so certain parts of it would be wholly lost in other strata.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA

(Continued from page 13)

Pukow (across the Yangtse from Nanking). It is believed that Japanese forces intend to push both north and south along this line and so catch the Shantung army in a vice, while shelling its coast from their warships and bombing its cities from the air.

Meantime there is news of a re-organisation of the National Government to include representatives of the erstwhile Chinese Soviet. This may or may not imply a closer affiliation with Soviet Russia, but the indications are that it will. The famous red army leaders, Mao tse-tung and Chu-teh, are reported to have been given places on the Hankow Military Council. Mr. Eugene Chen, a Chinese born and educated abroad, who for a brief term held office as Chinese Foreign Minister in 1927 when Soviet Russian officials were in control of Chinese policies, is now said to be in Moscow engaged in discussions with Soviet Russian officials.

Significant, too, but unconfirmed, is the report from Outer Mongolia, that the Mongol leader, General Teh Pin, has offered military aid to General Chiang Kai-Shek. Outer Mongolia has for many years been an independent State bound to Moscow by a treaty of mutual military assistance. It is said that the present offer to China is made "with Russian consent."

If these reports are true, the irony of the situation will be that Japan, which claims to be fighting Communism, has made a Sino-Russian rapprochement easier if not inevitable by forcing the Government out of Nanking to a point farther west, more accessible to the red army leaders and to the agents of Moscow.

F. E. Dean

CONTINUATIONS

NAVAL STRENGTH IN THE PACIFIC

(Continued from page 16)

from their base, and she is rapidly building a fleet of tankers of exceptional speed and endurance, capable of accompanying a fleet and supplying it with fuel when thousands of miles from its bases.

The British China Squadron is strong in submarines and in minelaying, while most of its cruisers have a very large radius of action. The minelaying and submarine strength is obviously intended for the defence of Hong Kong. Both the submarines and the cruisers would be capable of carrying out long distance reconnaissances.

Years of civil war in China have robbed the Chinese Navy of training for concerted action. In any case, the Chinese fleet contains only two units of reasonable power which have been completed since the great war. These are the light cruisers, *Ning Hai* and *Ping Hai*. Both these ships were completed in 1931–32. They mount half a dozen guns of 5·5-in. calibre, but they can hardly be considered the equal of a Japanese light cruiser. Practically all the older units of the Chinese Navy have been for years in a state of alternating between long periods of being laid up and short periods of nominal commission. Many of the older units have been laid up on mud banks for years. China possesses a number of river gunboats, but these are not usually much in evidence on the rivers and it is difficult to see how the Chinese fleet could prove a serious embarrassment to Japan or any other naval Power.

DRAMA

(Continued from page 27)

Theatre should, having revived something like one old theatrical custom, go the whole hog and revive another and still older one—half-price at half-time for such seats as remain vacant.

Vastly did I enjoy that variety-cum-film show. Bringing a virgin mind to bear upon Donald Duck, whom I had never seen before, I was about to write that I laughed myself helpless over his antics. This I would have done had I not had to be carried to the theatre in an already helpless state, for reasons wholly unconnected with either Donald Duck or alcohol.

Mr. Nelson Keys gave us a ripe and fruity and George Gravesish impression of the Oldest Harrovian—an excerpt, I fancy, from a revue produced earlier in the year. Mr. Keys is always good, but he was far more amusing as a bass-lunged American "perdoocing" Mr. Keys in a silent film. Miss Florence Desmond was uncannily brilliant with her imitations.

Talk of the Devil, by Anthony Pélissier, is an airy trifle about divorce-laden domesticity. It is played without an interval, which is possibly a handicap; furious and facetious farce lasting as long as the first act of *Parsifal* is apt to be a bit of a strain. Most of Mr. Pélissier's dialogue is pleasantly bright without being actually witty; but some is rather poor vintage and I marvel at his passing such a chestnut as: "You never open your mouth without putting your foot in it."

"Thank you, but I'm not a contortionist."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

There are at present three old boys in H.M.S. *Ramillies* who are working up to take the course for Sub-Lieutenant. This is a typical example of the success achieved by boys who received their early training in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. In the *Arethusa* poor boys of good character are trained for a life at sea, and enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. Funds are most urgently needed to help carry on this great work, and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

Absent friends though out of sight we see them through our glasses

At those times when mere words fail, and the sadness that is in our hearts is dismissed with a jest—a toast drunk to absent friends in this fine Cherry Brandy, is a toast drunk in a warm and friendly spirit. It is for such occasions that two hundred years of experience have gone into its making—that its glorious colour and its superb flavour shall do honour to you all. Will you let your wine merchant supply you with a bottle?

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WINTER RESORTS

by

MAXWELL FRASER, F.R.G.S.

An invaluable Guide which brings to the notice of those seeking an equable climate for Winter holidays or residence the advantages of the resorts of the Cornish Riviera. Beautifully illustrated—containing medical and climatic information and an accommodation register.

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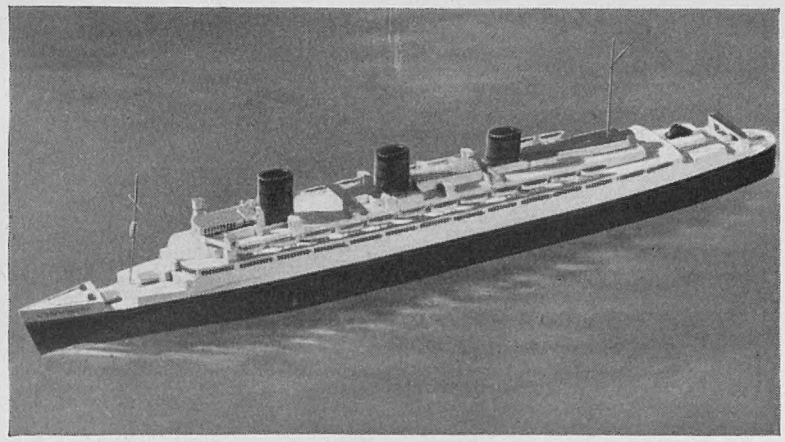
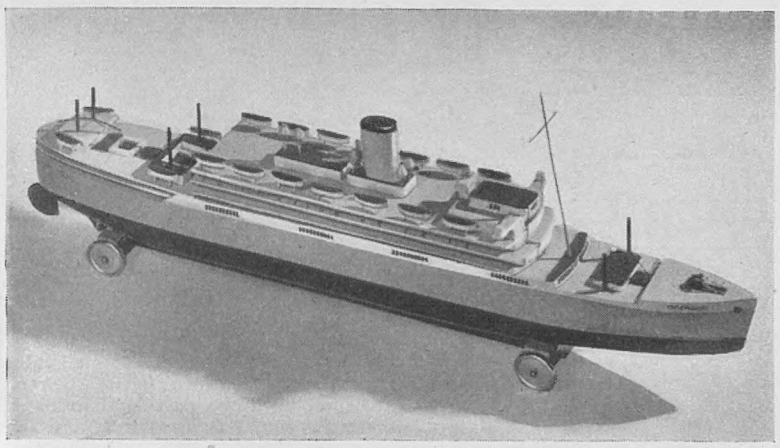
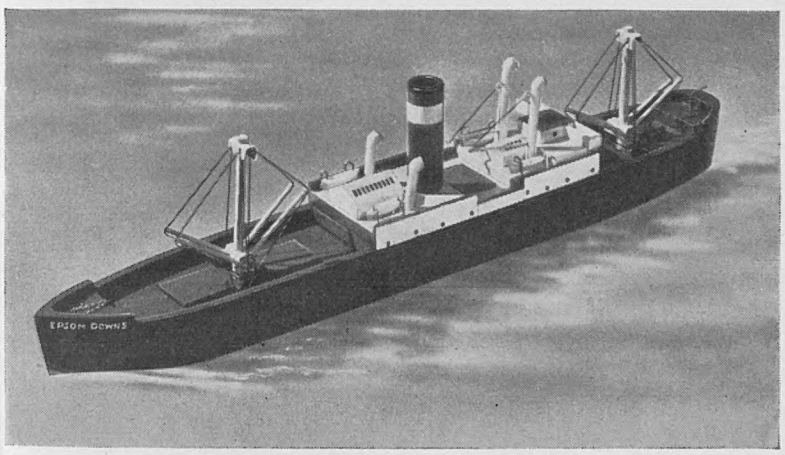


R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY." The overall length is 34"; being larger than the other models it is propelled by an extra size motor (electrically driven). The "Queen Mary" can also be manoeuvred by hand with the mobile trolleys available at a cost of 2/- each. Price £3 . 3 . 0 (carriage extra: Inland 1/6 each; Abroad 5/9 each; South Africa 8/3 each).



This photograph of the Orient Liner "ORCADES" illustrates how the mobile trolleys (2/- each) are used for manoeuvring by hand when circumstances prevent them being actually floated and driven by their own power. Details of the "ORCADES" and the sister ship "ORION" are as follows: length 25½", price £2 . 2 . 0 (Carriage: Inland 1/6; Abroad 4/-; South Africa 5/9).



The cargo steamship "Epsom Downs," 23" long, price £1 . 10 . 0 (Carriage as for "Orcades").

The Models illustrated or listed above and, in addition, H.M.S. "NELSON" and all the named destroyers in the "Southampton" Class, are from the designs of G. H. Davis, special artist of "The Illustrated London News." They are electrically propelled, float perfectly, and considering the accuracy of design and wealth of detail, are offered at very low prices. Orders with remittance should be sent to (Dept. R.18) The London Electrotype Agency Ltd., 23/24, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, where models can be inspected.

COMMUNICATION BY FLAG SIGNALS. Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags by which you can communicate with other models. Perhaps you can form a ship club with the assistance of friends possessing these marine models, when inter-communication by flag signal (exactly as it is done at sea) will be of the utmost value.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 f.a.s.l. 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—Centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim. pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Beaulieu (A.M.)—The Royal.—Full south. All comforts, facing sea. Large garden. Pension from 55 frs. Summer Carlton Le Touquet.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—Hotel Victoria.—100 rooms full south, sea view, gard. Every comfort. Pens. 9 sh. sme direct. Provençal, Villefranche-s-Mer.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class, quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Quiet, sheltered, lge. sunny Pk., mtr. ser. casino, golf. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/- or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—F. sth. ent. mod. Bth. tel. ea. rm. Ege seclud pk ovlkg Cannes & sea. 2m. bus to twn & Cas. Max of qt. G. Tamme.

Menton.—Hotel Atlantic and Malte.—First class, yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden. Noted for catering.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934. Open all the year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view—open all the year. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Hotel d'Angleterre and Hotel Grande-Bretagne. 200 rooms. 100 baths.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Opposite Casino. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Details, Madeira Travel, 18/20, Lower Regent St., S.W.1

SWITZERLAND.

Arosa.—Sporthotel Hof Maran.—300 ft. above Arosa (6,000 ft.). Every comfort. Concerts, bar, etc. T. Halder, Managing Proprietor.

Davos.—Alt. 4680 ft.—**Palace Hotel, Davos.** Near world-renowned Parsenn run. Rooms from S.Fr. 7. Full board from S.Fr. 16.

Davos-Dorf.—Sport Hotel Montana.—Exl. Htl. Ctrl. pos. Next stn. Fll. S. Mdrn 1937. All r. w. h. & c. w. priv. bthrms. Pens. fr. f. 14. Fam. Hüsler, pr.

SWITZERLAND—*continued*.

Davos-Platz.—Angleterre and Parkhotel.—Leading family hotel. Winter sports. Full pension, including afternoon tea, £1.

Grindelwald.—Baer Hotel.—An up-to-date Hotel with an old tradition. Centre of social life. Moderate terms.

Grindelwald.—Regina Hotel Alpenruhe.—First class. Good value and personal attention. A. Bohren. Managing Propr.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Hotel Alpina.—The Skiers' Paradise. 1st cl. fam. htl. Wonderful situatn. Incl. tms frm F.14. E. Burri, prop.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. All winter sports. Topping band.

Gurnigel.—Grand Hotel.—300 rooms. Bernese Oberland 4,000 ft. Ideal Wntr Spts centre, easy to reach, Pension from frs. 11. All Winter Sports.

Klosters-Parsenn.—Sporthotel Silvretta.—All winter sports. First class. 200 beds. Ski-lift. Please ask for booklet.

Klosters-Parsenn.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—1st class. Home of best English Society and Winter sports. Pension terms fr Frs 16 onward.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lenk.—Grand Hotel Kurhaus.—(Bernese Oberland). 200 bds. The ldng. htl. of old reputn. All spts. New luge-funicular. Pens. frm. Frs. 11.

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Pontresina.—Sport Hotel, Pontresina.—First class, 200 beds. Most sun. All sports. Gaiety. En pension rates from Frs. 14.

Pontresina (Engadine).—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English house.

Samaden, near St. Moritz.—**Hotel Bernina.**—Resident family hotel, near sunny slopes. Own rinks. Orchestra. Moderate. V. Candrian, Man.

Sils-Maria (Engadine).—Hotel Waldhaus.—High class family Hotel in finest ski-ing centre. O. Kienberger, Managing Director.

Unterwasser—Iltios.—Hotel Sternen.—The leading hotel of the Säntis district. Mod. comf. Orchestra. Bar. Pension terms Frs. 9 to 12.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra, all inclusive rates from 19/-.

Wengen.—Palace.—At its best in February and March. Inclusive terms from Francs 18. F. Borter, proprietor.

ZERMATT.—for all winter sports. Seiler's Hotels: **Mont-Cervin—Victoria.**

Zuoz.—Hotel Castell.—1st class. Winter sports. Safe for snow and sun. 6,000 ft. Indoor amusements. Full pension including afternoon tea £1.

Zurich.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—1st class, opposite station. Swiss Air office. Rooms from Frs. 6.50, meals Frs. 3.50–5. Most convenient.

Zweisimmen.—Hotel Bristol-Terminus.—The English home from home. Every comfort. Reasonable terms. Amusements.

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THERE ARE STORIES THAT GRIP YOU IN THIS MAGAZINE

". . . and when she confronted her husband she thundered 'Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live.'"

From "The Life of ÆSOP"

Written and Illustrated by

FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.

". . . had Xanthus' wife held a torch in her hands, she would have been the most perfect representation of the classical furies described by the ancient poets of the Greek mythology.

In she came, threatening to overthrow, to smash, to break, to destroy with her presence whatever strange female would ever dare to set foot in her house, and when she confronted her husband she thundered: 'Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live.' But not many words were necessary, and every preoccupation vanished in smoke, for Xanthus opened his arms and she fell in them, giving way to that delightful reaction of tenderness. The return home of the mistress of the house was reason in itself for festivities, and so the huge orders of food for the supposed marriage came in very handy.

Æsop had become an extremely important person and was already acting as major-domo. He was given a free hand in preparing a banquet exclusive for philosophers, colleagues of his master. He was told to arrange only for the most beautiful things to be served. To the astonishment of all, he served neat's tongues at every course, the only difference being in the preparation. Xanthus was furious and reproached him for such a meaningless joke, but Æsop justified himself by saying that the dinner was full of meaning; in fact, nothing could be more beautiful than tongue, the key that led humanity into all knowledge, and he asked: 'What could be more suitable for a philosophical banquet than a feast of tongues?'

They all agreed with Æsop, but Xanthus decided to give another banquet the next day, and this time Æsop was asked to leave the beautiful things alone and make a dinner composed of the worst things.

The next day, to the horror of every one, the banquet started again with tongue, tongue for the second course, and tongue for the third. Xanthus, unable to bear it any longer, lost his patience, caught hold of Æsop, and asked what he meant by considering tongue as the most beautiful thing one day and as the worst on the next day. Æsop implored his master to calm himself, adding that there was no wickedness under the sun where the tongue had not a big part in it. If murder, treason, violence, calumny and lies were debated, communicated, plotted, tongue played its diabolical part.

There were many episodes of this nature, ending always in Æsop's triumph. Often he succeeded in getting his master out of trouble even when the position seemed hopeless, as will be seen in the following incident: Xanthus was giving one of those huge banquets at which rivers of wine were flowing. These dinners were intended for colleague philosophers, mathematicians and learned men in general. But it seemed that a mixed element succeeded in gaining access, because someone, taking advantage of Xanthus having drunk too much, coaxed him into an absurd wager. Æsop, who never left his master, kept warning him." . . . *you must read the ending of this enthralling and interesting tale from "The Life of Æsop" by F. MATANIA, R.I.*

"The next instant the emerald was in his hand and it was only with difficulty that Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking"

"A Good Pair of Hands"

By EDWIN RUTT

". . . . 'It is beautiful, isn't it?' she'd said.

'Yes.' Kip's tone was careless. 'Do you mind if I look at it?'

It was the moment for which he had been living. Would she strip the ring from her finger and pass it across for his inspection? Or would she merely extend her hand in order that he might get a closer look? The gods alone knew. But he was prepared for the first fortuitous circumstance. Beneath the table his left hand was in the pocket of his white dinner jacket, the replica held tightly in the hollow of the palm. With his right hand he lifted his drink and finished it at a swallow. This, too, was necessary for his plan.

His amazing luck had held. Helena Starrett slipped the diamond guard-ring from her finger. The next instant the emerald was in his hand.

Only with difficulty had Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking. His heart, accustomed as it was to ticklish situations, had pounded violently. This was the biggest job he'd ever undertaken. It might even be his final coup. Small wonder that inwardly he had seethed in a lather of excitement. But on the surface he was calm. With the air of a connoisseur he had held the emerald to the light.

'Of course,' he'd said, slowly, 'I'm not an expert. But this seems a very wonderful stone. Worth a fortune I suppose.'

Helena Starrett had smiled. 'A small one, perhaps.'

Still keeping the ring between his fingers, Kip had signalled a waiter.

'Here, boy!' he had called, a little loudly. And his eyes had darted to Helena Starrett's face.

At his sharp command to the waiter she had half-turned her head in the direction of the dance floor. And when she made the movement, she provided Kip with the infinite small fraction of time upon which he had counted. His hands moved with the speed of light" . . . *This is a story you can't stop reading—"A Good Pair of Hands" by Edwin Rutt*

FICTION, FASHION BETTER HOUSE-KEEPING SPORT, MOTORING *ALL* ARE INCLUDED IN

SOME OF THE CONTENTS IN THE JANUARY ISSUE

MARKET CASINO: *by C. Patrick Thompson*
STRANGE HABITS IN STRANGE PLACES: *by Patrick Balfour*
"THE HOMEWRECKER": *by Sylvia Thompson*
THESE JOBS ARE DANGEROUS . . .: *by Trevor Allen*
"KINGDOM GONE": *by J. H. Stafford*
PAUPERS—ON £600 A WEEK: *by Margaret Chute*
"VANITY OF VANITIES": *by Dale Collins*
AIR TAXI, SIR?: *by Nigel Tangye*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis"*
OLD TALES RE-TOLD: ÆSOP: *written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
LIFE OF A DANCER: *by Winifred Loraine*
TRAVELLING IN SEARCH OF A STORY: *by Arthur Mills*
"AFRICA IN THE RAW": *by Elinor Mordaunt*
THREE MONTHS IN A GARDEN: *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde*
"A GOOD PAIR OF HANDS": *by Edwin Rutt*
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A MAGAZINE IN KEEPING WITH THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY